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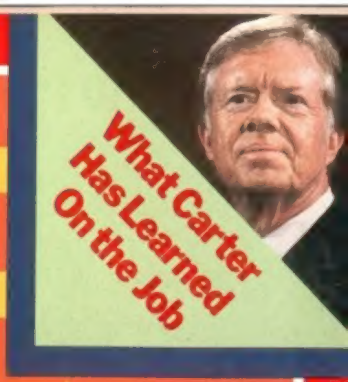
TIME



What Carter Has Learned On the Job

THE GULF

Will It Explode?

0 724404 43

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

© The Gold Information Center.

Gold of the common man.

It is Eastern Europe in the 19th Century and a family, its sparse belongings on a battered cart, arrives at a lonely border station.

A man from the group approaches the sentry with inner fear, for they have no permit or papers. There follows a brief exchange and the man returns.

The cart and family pass. The sentry, turning to avoid the eyes of the refugees, tucks one hand into his pocket; the gold coin there is still warm from the hand of its previous owner.

Sweeping through history one could find endless variations of this incident because gold, that lustrous metal of kings and clergy, has just as often been the metal of the downtrodden. Somewhere around 700 B.C., kings began to stamp gold into coins, and in that form they became accessible to the common man.

This was the gold of the common soldier, the gold of the common merchant, and even families who never knew a gold bracelet or necklace were able to acquire a few coins—which they often hoarded for it meant survival in the periodic upheavals.

Certainly one of the early coins of the common man was the *Daric* of Persia (No. 1 above) in the 5th Century B.C. It was heavily minted for over 200 years and it is known that one military campaign alone cost over 4 million of the coin.

The *Aureus* of the Roman Empire was also widely dispersed through the heavy spending of the Caesars. The example here (No. 2) is from Nero's reign.

One of the longest and most circulated of coinages was the *Zecchino* of Venice (No. 3), first struck in 1284 and minted for over 500 years. It is almost incredible to reflect that its coinage began in the Middle Ages, spanned the Renaissance, and ended in 1797, the year America installed its second President.

With the 19th Century came even grander coinage and the numbers are truly astounding: France, from 1801 to 1914, minted 515 *million* of its 20 Franc *Napoleon* (No. 4); England, from 1817 to 1966, coined over *one billion* of its *Sovereign* (No. 5), spreading it to every corner of a once extensive empire.

America's gold coinage began modestly, but enriched by the 1849 Gold Rush, the U.S. accelerated the program and from 1850 to 1932 produced, with several design changes, its famous $20 *Double Eagle* (No. 6), a minting of over 174 million.

It should be noted that considerably lesser numbers of these extensive mintages exist; most were re-melted—in many cases to mint succeeding coins—thus the remaining coins have gained great value among collectors.

The desire to hold gold coins continues. For example, in 1978, 49 countries issued over 120 different versions as legal tender. Among them, the South African *Krugerrand* (No. 7) ranks as the most popular. First coined in 1967, over 26 million have been produced since then.

Space here has permitted only the briefest description of seven gold coins of great mass circulation. There are, of course, many more. The world has issued more than 20 thousand different types in over 2,600 years—many of which have also touched the common man and certainly the family history of almost everyone who reads this.

All coins are shown actual size. This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to The Gold Information Center, Dept. T87, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The Gold Information Center.

Certain coins furnished courtesy of Harmer Rooke Ltd., N.Y., and Manfra, Tordella & Brookes, Inc., N.Y.

1951. Del de Windt, new assistant general manager of Eaton's Stamping Division.

Del de Windt, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?

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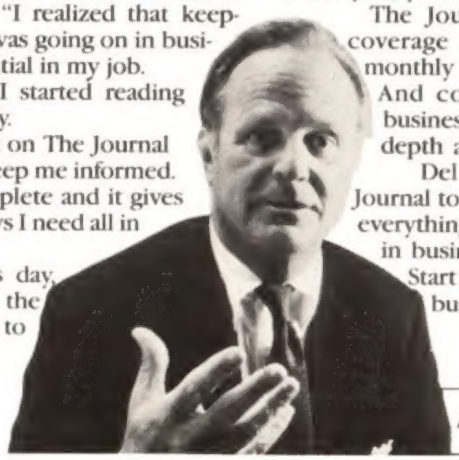

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OCTOBER 27, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 17 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Early this year, Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott was in the Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan, near the Iranian border, assessing Soviet policy in the tumultuous Middle East. A few months later, he was on the other side of Iran, flying over the Persian Gulf in an Omani air force helicopter, watching Iranian warships steaming out of the port city of Bandar Abbas. When border tensions between Iraq and Iran erupted into a full-scale war four weeks ago, Talbott was back at his desk in Washington. But he found that his recent opportunity to "look at Iran from both sides," literally as well as in terms of East-West diplomacy, had left him well prepared to write this week's cover story on the impact of the war on U.S. policy.

This journalistic version of shuttle diplomacy is not unusual for Talbott, who describes his job as "looking over the tops of this week's headlines in an effort to anticipate the headlines of the future." Accordingly, he was in Iran only months before the revolution that toppled the Shah and brought the Ayatullah Khomeini to power. He visited Afghanistan in 1978, long before Soviet tanks rolled across the border.

Talbott's travels for TIME have led him to produce a book, *Endgame: The Inside Story of SALT II*, published last year by Harper & Row. In the just released paperback edition, Talbott has added what he calls "a new and more pessimistic" epilogue that takes into account the Afghanistan invasion and the congressional suspension of the SALT II treaty. Says he: "The collapse of the SALT process is part of a larger deterioration of the international order."

ANTONIO SUAREZ

Gray and Talbott up against the world

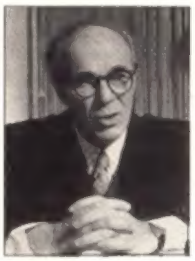
Reporter-Researcher Tam Martinides Gray, who researched this week's story, has worked with Talbott on several diplomatic assignments during the past two years. Their most recent project was an account last month of U.S. efforts to preserve the oil flow from the Persian Gulf, a story that Gray calls a preamble to this week's cover. Gray started at TIME as a picture researcher 20 years ago, and moved from images to words in 1976. Since then she has found, as Talbott has, that looking closely at Middle East politics reveals something more fascinating than the movements of oil, arms and ideology that seem to dominate the subject. Says she: "All the principal characters are interrelated, and the psychology of those relationships becomes extremely important. It's like researching a family."

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Illustration by Doug Johnson.

34
Cover: The Iran-Iraq war continues to roil the Persian Gulf, forcing neighbors to take sides and the West to protect oil supplies. An Iranian leader goes to the U.N., and rumors fly that the U.S. hostages may be released. *See* WORLD.



74
Nobel Prizes: The U.S. dominates the Nobel honors list, winning five of the awards announced last week, including those in economics, chemistry and physics. ▶ An Argentine human rights activist wins the Peace prize.

14
Learning on the Job: Carter has been buffeted by circumstances and by his own mistakes. What has he learned from his first term? What would he do if he wins a second? An analysis, and a look ahead. *See* NATION.

12
Nation
Carter and Reagan finally agree to debate in the week before Election Day. ▶ How prepared is the U.S. military for a fight?

61
World
Britain's Laborites seek a new boss. ▶ A son rises in North Korea. ▶ Karmal in Moscow. ▶ El Asnam buries its dead.

79
Science
A record-setting 185-day mission is fresh evidence that the Soviet space effort, unlike the U.S. version, is soaring.

80
Press
The Bill and Mary saga leaps off the business pages into the realm of soap opera. ▶ Italy's journalist killers.

81
Education
To meet the needs of gifted children, North Carolina starts the first public boarding high school for brainy teen-agers.

82
Economy & Business
The building slump leads to housing shortages. ▶ The trade adjustment mess. ▶ Fat times for gourmet foods.

96
Art
At London's Tate Gallery, a delightful retrospective of Gainsborough amounts to a ceremony of national taste.

98
Sport
In the World Series, the Phillies and the Royals both battle to erase their reputations for fading in the fall.

105
Law
Suspected war criminals may be shipped out if the U.S. wins a Supreme Court test. ▶ A new law limits newsroom searches.

106
Religion
Attacking lust, the Pope stirs up a row by saying that a married man may commit mental "adultery" with his wife.

108
Behavior
A feminist writer's innovative guidebook, *Growing Up Free*, tells how to raise children without gender stereotypes.

3 Letters
94 Cinema
95 People
99 Theater
100 Books
106 Milestones

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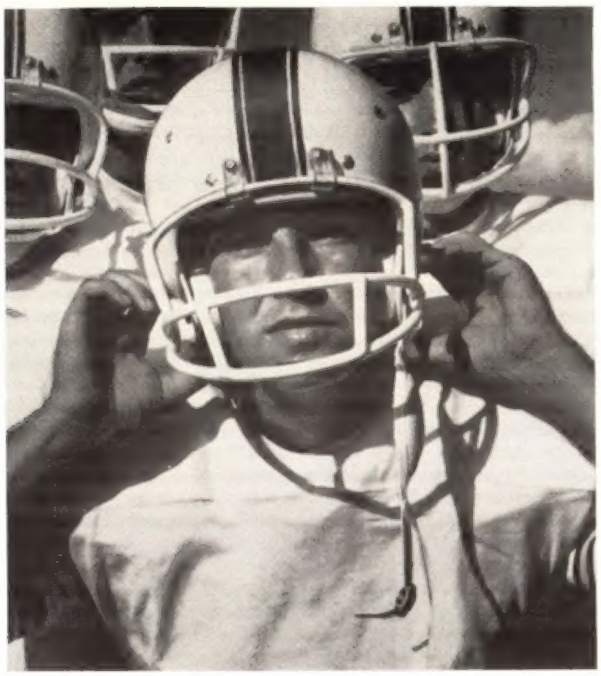

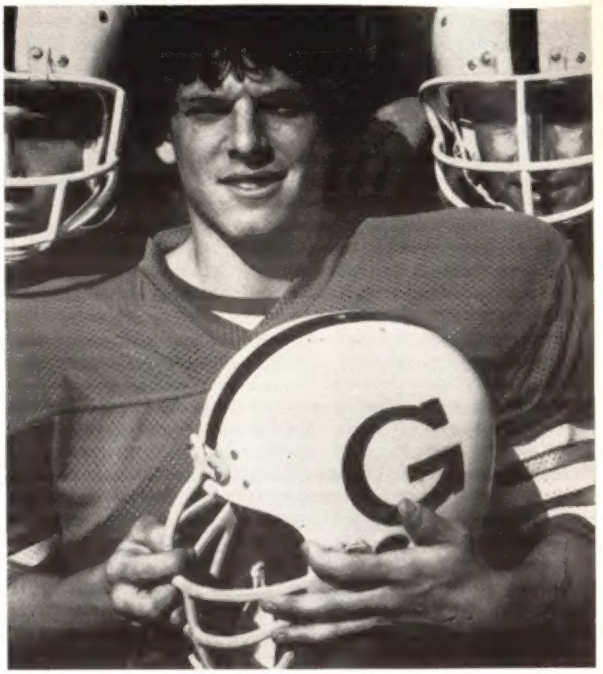

One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product.

As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically. Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketplace.

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all that stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy.

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

Here's what we're doing:

- Helping to develop standards for safer products.
- Advising manufacturers on safety procedures and loss prevention programs.
- Supporting legislation to reduce the enormous legal costs of administering the product liability system.
- Supporting legislation to make the standards of legal liability more definite, more predictable and more equitable.

Here's what you can do:

- Seek quality products. Check to see that they meet safety standards where appropriate.
- Use all products as they are meant to be used. Read and follow warning labels and instructions for product usage.
- Get involved! Become aware of proposals to improve fairness in the legal liability system.

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This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, New York 10038.

Letters

Iraq *vs.* Iran

To the Editors:

The Iranian-Iraqi war [Oct. 6] reminds me of our presidential election: neither side is any good, and I can't decide whom to root for.

Larry S. Pollak
Toledo

I wonder if people are beginning to understand that the instability in the Middle East is the result of differences among Muslim nations rather than so-called Israeli stubbornness.

David Tatarsky
Elizabeth, N.J.

It seems to me that we should ask the Iranians in the U.S. if they are patriotic and would like to return to Iran to help fight against the invading Iraqi army.

Christ P. Zivalich Jr.
Honolulu

Wouldn't it be funny if civilization started and ended in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley?

James P. Gunn
St. Louis

Judging Judges

Your article "Judging Reagan's Judges" [Oct. 6] points up an issue that has kept surfacing throughout this year's political campaigns. That is, certain people are distressed that the right might have some say in the political future of this country. Why would anyone in his right mind oppose a judge who will respect traditional family values and the sanctity of life? Shouldn't we all, right or left, have input into the system? Or does the Committee for an Independent Judiciary want only its views to predominate?

John W. Whitehead
Washington, D.C.

"Judging Reagan's Judges" recites the fears of prominent attorneys who are leaders in the civil rights movement and other liberal causes that if Reagan is elected he would appoint federal judges with a "monolithic right-wing ideology." Actually, it isn't so much that liberals disagree with other points of view; mostly, they are shocked to learn that there are other points of view.

Julian Bamberger
Indianapolis

The Desk Set

It is a shame that Bendix Corp. [Oct. 6] Vice President and Chief Corporate Planner Mary E. Cunningham's qualifications as a *magna cum laude* undergraduate and Harvard M.B.A. graduate are underplayed just because she is rated a "10." If the water-cooler gossips would quit gossiping, maybe their cups would overflow too.

Doree Martin
St. Louis

Perhaps some day society will accept the fact that women, too, can successfully climb the corporate ladder—without stopping in every bedroom along the way.

Ann Herring
Fullerton, Calif.

War Is Heck

As a member of the New York Army National Guard [Sept. 29], I was gratified to read an article that was complimentary to "weekend warriors." We are often scoffed at and maligned as being inept misfits, incapable of performing our tasks. If more men and women would join our thin ranks and we were provided with more modern equipment, no one would have to be concerned about a draft.

(SGT) Edward P. Strieder
42nd Aviation Battalion
Verbank, N.Y.

Am I supposed to feel protected knowing that it takes twelve hours for the Army National Guard to reach Fort Drum from Staten Island? Once there, the men spend a few days playing at their war games.

Bring back the draft.

Marguerite H. Sanzone
Rome, N.Y.

Is Woody Still Funny?

Richard Corliss, in his review of Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories* [Sept. 29], has put his finger on a fact that has become painfully obvious to moviegoers who like to laugh: the legendary Woody Allen is no longer funny. Allen's God-like view of himself is boring. He used to spoof pseudo intellectuals and phonies. But unlike Groucho, who really didn't want to belong to the country club, Woody always did; he just didn't think he was worthy. The problem was in society's conception of success, but Allen continued to believe he was at fault. Now a firmly entrenched member of the Establishment, he has betrayed the anarchic feeling of his past work to cater to the same effete crowds he once chided.

Dan O'Neill
Los Angeles

Stealth and Secrecy

TIME's account of my testimony on the Stealth aircraft to the Senate Armed Services Committee and the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, "Chronicle of a Security Leak" [Sept. 29], misstates the facts in several important respects. First, I did not ask the Senators "to make a joint statement calling for a press conference to announce Stealth." Second, I did not fail to tell the committee of my discussion with *Armed Forces Journal*. Third, though I did give the *Journal* a further briefing, the result was to get features damaging to national security *removed* from the magazine's story, while adding nothing classified.

William J. Perry
Under Secretary of Defense
Washington, D.C.

TIME's *reporting on Secretary Perry's testimony was based on information from two sources who attended the committee hearing.* TIME *has been unable to check the verbatim record because it is classified.*

Wrong Party

Your article "Arafat's Nudge" about the peace conference in Bulgaria [Oct. 6] incorrectly identifies me as a member of Rakah, the Israeli Communist Party. I am a member of the Israeli Black Panther Party, which, together with Rakah and other groups, forms the Democratic Front for Peace and Equality.

Charlie Biton
Member of the Knesset
Jerusalem

A Wolf in Hardcover

I read with interest your review of Michael Fox's book on wolves [Oct. 6]. I was raised on the grand old tales of Rudyard Kipling. It was a pleasantly eerie sensation to read an ethologist's discussion of wolf customs and mores —so much like those that Kipling fancied in his *Jungle Books:* Akela, the leader of the pack (or Alpha male), lying alert on his great rock, crying, "Look, look well, O Wolves."

Mildred Kemper Terrill, M.D.
Austin

I have often wondered why they call a playboy a wolf when the animal wolf is so different.

Maure Lee Talley
Whitehaven, Tenn.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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And now, there is something more to do. We must pay close attention to what the people who are running for office in November are saying about inflation.

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The decisions about the economy aren't just going to be made in the White House, the U.S. Senate or the House of Representatives.

They'll be made by state and county legislatures, by county executives, by mayors, city councils, and school boards, too. The people who are running for these offices deserve your attention as much as those who are running for President.

A job for statesmen.

Some candidates are for government spending, others swear it should be stopped.

Some are for tax cuts, others are not.

Clearly, there are no simple solutions.

So listen well to what your candidates say. And if you don't hear enough, ask for more. Have the campaign organizations send you the candidates' position papers on the economy and inflation.

And while you're looking at what they say, look also for the candidates who are willing to act in the best long-range interests of the country.

Fighting inflation is a job for statesmen, not for those acting only from political expediency.

Above all, vote.

Consider well, make your choices, and then make your voice heard.

Vote for the people you want to represent you in your government.

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"She's the child he sponsors through Christian Children's Fund. Marta lives in a poor village in Central America. Her home is little more than a mud hut. There is no sanitation, and poverty and disease are all around her. But thanks to Mike, Marta is getting help.

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"Since 1975, I've been sponsoring a little girl in the Philippines named Marites. And because of the love I've been able to share with her, I want to help more children have the chance for a happier life.

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Smiling prelude to the showdown: the President speaks, the challenger listens at the annual Al Smith dinner in New York City

Nation

TIME/OCTOBER 27, 1980

Building to a Climax

The pace quickens as Carter and Reagan prepare to debate

The presidential campaign seemed drifting, confused, even as the pace of travel, speeches, TV pitches and endorsements quickened. Republican Ronald Reagan was still ahead, but he was not pulling away. His aides fretted about the tendency of undecided voters to place their bets on a past winner as the race turned into the home stretch. Meanwhile Jimmy Carter was claiming that disaffected Democrats were starting to come home to the party, although there was no clear proof. Then, suddenly, came the startling news: the two candidates had agreed in principle to meet face to face in a one-on-one, make-or-break debate during the week before the election on Nov. 4.

The confrontation—long desired by a vast majority of the U.S. public—comes so late in the campaign that it poses a troubling question: Will the outcome, after more than a year of struggle to determine the next occupant of the Oval Office, be settled in just a few score unforgiving minutes of TV time? If either candidate makes a major mistake, there will be almost no opportunity left for him to recover, no second or third debate in which to recoup. With so many sharp differences between the two men on issues, personalities and styles of governing, should a potentially historic choice be made on the basis of which candidate flubs an answer or looks more presidential on a 17-inch screen?

Though the debate might be too much too late, the unique campaign pressures of 1980 seemed to compel the candidates to accept the invitation, offered by the League of Women Voters, to meet in a showdown session, tentatively set for Oct. 28 in Cleveland. Only one other possible event could be as pivotal to the election outcome as the TV clash: a deal between the U.S. and Iran that would bring the American hostages home before Election Day, presumably to Carter's great credit. Last week Iranian Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i raised that possibility at the United Nations when he told reporters that a decision by his country's parliament on the fate of the hostages was "not far away" (see WORLD).

The decision to debate, the fresh hope for the hostages, the speculation over whether or not the Reagan drive had lost its momentum—all added to a spreading feeling that the long campaign was rapidly building to a turning point. The week was full of ironies: Reagan did well barnstorming the country, but it was Carter who ended up with the best chance to exploit. Aside from the possibility of the return of the hostages—the "October surprise" that the Republicans have been dreading—Carter has been yearning for a head-to-head debate with Reagan and a chance to overcome the Governor's lead with a single incisive performance.

The opportunity opened up when Independent John Anderson fell below 15% in most national polls, the standard that had been set by the League for him to be

included in any debate and that had put him on stage with Reagan on Sept. 21 when Carter refused to play. Before the League issued the invitation, Reagan's aides had been having their own debate for days. Some argued that Reagan should take part, that he could not sit on his lead and hope to win. They sensed what they called the "return of the native" syndrome: blacks, Jews, Hispanics and rebellious labor union members might flock back to the Democratic Party as the election neared. Others argued that Reagan should stay out; since he was leading, agreeing to the debate would be seen as a sign of weakness, or even panic. There was also the risk that Carter might score unexpectedly well or that Reagan might stumble, even though the Governor was as confident of his ability to handle the President as the President was of his chances of besting Reagan. Said one participant in the Reagan staff discussions: "It's an example of how indecision can be an art form around here."

Reagan "wins" with lighthearted banter, while Carter tips his quips with steel

In the interim, the Governor upstaged the President when they both appeared at a dinner honoring Al Smith, the former Democratic Governor of New York, that is an annual political ritual sponsored by the Catholic Archdiocese of New York. Reagan was relaxed, poking lighthearted fun at himself and wisely refraining from any cracks with a partisan bite, as required by the ground rules of the dinner. Quipped the Governor during an eight-minute speech: "There is no foundation to the rumor that I am the only one here who was at the original Al Smith dinner." (This year's is the 35th annual affair.) By contrast, Carter turned preachy in a 14-minute oration that included an attack on Christian fundamentalists who contend that God does not hear the prayers of Jews. Some of his jokes fell flat. Said Carter: "I will say publicly and for the record that I am not planning any October surprise. I can predict, however, that one of us is in for a very severe November shock." The crowd applauded Reagan far more warmly than Carter.

Meeting until nearly midnight at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel after the dinner, Reagan's staff argued again whether to debate Carter without Anderson. Earlier in the discussions, Aides Mike Deaver, Bill Timmons, Lyn Nofziger and Richard Wirthlin were all to some degree opposed. Undecided or uncommitted were Stuart Spencer, Bill Casey and Ed Meese. Favoring acceptance were James Baker and Ed Gray. Now the sentiment shifted and a consensus for accepting an invitation to debate was reached. Learning of his staff's recommendation, Reagan readily concurred.

When the League's anticipated invitation came, Robert Strauss, Carter's campaign manager, promptly and happily accepted. The President, Strauss said, would agree "to any reasonable format" in meetings with the League to be held this week.

Anderson, suffering probably the worst week of his slipping campaign, was understandably irate. He accused the League of having "buckled under to White House pressure." He asked: "What made anything sacred or sacrosanct about 15%?" He noted a Los Angeles *Times* poll placing his support at 16% and declared: "I am going to appeal to the court of public opinion to express the outrage I feel." While Reagan suggested that Carter might have to "examine his conscience" in bypassing Anderson, the Independent said bitingly, "While I appreciate Mr. Reagan's solicitude, I would not, after what I have observed in the campaign to date, leave much to Mr. Carter's conscience."

There were a few omens that Carter might be gaining ground. Some members of New York's Jewish community detected a gradual, if reluctant, shift back toward Carter among their group; the President must have strong Jewish support to carry a state he needs badly. Reagan still had an edge in Pennsylvania, although there was a slight trend toward the President. In Illinois, a Chicago *Tribune* poll showed that Carter had taken a lead over Reagan (34% to 29%, with Anderson at 12.5% and a vital 17.5% undecided). In Ohio, labor leaders seemed to be having some success in persuading blue-collar workers to support Carter; a New York *Times*-CBS poll showed the President within 2% of Reagan.

Still, the stirrings around the country were certainly not all in Carter's favor. With some justification, Reagan aides claimed they were gaining on the President in his native South. They were optimistic about Florida and Texas, and felt they might beat the President in Virginia, Louisiana, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky and South Carolina. The reason: Reagan's apparent strength among blue-collar whites.

Last week Reagan scored what initially seemed to be a notable coup: he got the backing of the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, Martin Luther King Jr.'s onetime righthand man, and the endorsement of the Rev. Hosea Williams, another black civil rights activist of the '60s. But neither Abernathy nor Williams is regarded today as a major leader by blacks. Scoffed Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, a black: "When the Ku Klux Klan, Abernathy and Williams agree on the same candidate for President, that wins first prize for weird coalition of the year."

Reagan made a none-too-subtle pitch last week for the biggest voting group of all: the nation's women. He revealed that "one of his first" appointments to the Supreme Court would be female. But that single gesture was hardly likely to overcome a more general wariness among women about Reagan's ability to keep the nation at peace.

As the jockeying for position increased, the decision to debate became even more important. Carter, so eager to accept, professed to find great merit in the willingness of both candidates to gamble everything on one roll of the TV dice. Said he: "I don't think it's a matter of who will win or lose. The American people will win. It's not a contest to see who's the best debater or the best orator or the most professional television performer. It is to draw the sharp distinction on the issues."

Perhaps. But an eleventh-hour television debate might well fail to show those distinctions on the points that matter. The danger remains that only the better performer may "win"—and that his prize will be the White House. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett with Reagan and Christopher Ogden with Carter*

Coming to Grips with the Job

Has he or hasn't he? That's the question America has to decide

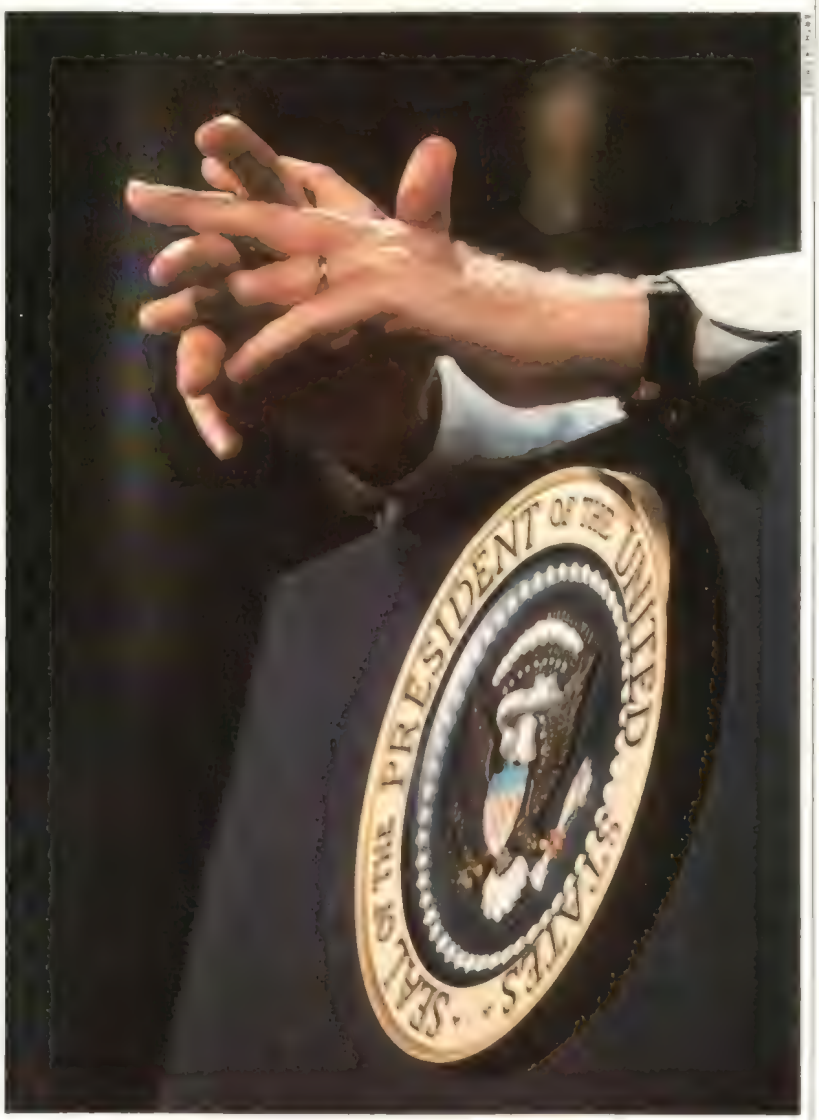
TIME White House Correspondent Christopher Ogden has long watched Jimmy Carter wrestle with the problems of his office. He has accompanied the President on five trips overseas, and covered his reelection campaign. Here Ogden assesses how the President has changed and what he has learned while holding the free world's most demanding job.

The presidency takes its toll of every man who seizes it. Jimmy Carter, who sought the office with such determination and is now fighting so furiously to retain it, has been buffeted both by circumstances beyond his control and mistakes of his own making. His once thick shock of light brown hair is gray and strawlike in the unremitting glare of television lights. His soft skin mottles when he tires. The crises, the setbacks, the crushing burdens of the office have aged him a decade in the past four years, but they have not exhausted him nor burned him out. If anything, a calm serenity in private, despite occasional public flashes of vituperation directed at Ronald Reagan, has enveloped that icy-cold ambition driving Carter in the final weeks of this endless campaign.

He has settled into the job and grown more comfortable with it. His eyes flash with pleased excitement when he scampers up onstage at the University of Missouri at St. Louis and the band thumps out chorus after chorus of *Hail to the Chief*, which he once banned as too imperial but reinstated when he realized the importance of such symbolism. As he talks about the serious challenges facing America, he also makes a salesman's pitch: "The next time you get ready to change cars and buy a new model, give those new American cars and those American automobile workers a chance." Carter would not have thought of that kind of boosterism a year ago.

The town meeting, where he often sheds his coat and really mixes with the people, is Jimmy Carter at his best. The more such sessions he holds—he has had 26 since coming into office and nine since Labor Day—the better he becomes. He likes getting ideas across directly, without having them filtered by television and the press, which he believes is bitterly antagonistic to him.

Above the fire trucks upstairs in the Lyndhurst, N.J., fire department, Carter sits casually on a revolving stool, clasping his knee in his hands and spinning slowly, as he takes random questions from 300 area residents packing the room. He is not caught off guard when asked about the local water shortage problem in northern Jersey. His engineer's mind has a great capacity for absorbing detail. Whenever he is unable to answer, he takes down the questioner's name and promises that an aide will call within a day or two. He looks for a woman in a sea of men in the audience. When a young woman asks him bluntly about mortgage rates and plaintively wonders: "Will I ever have a house?" the President flashes that still gleaming grin. "I think I'll skip the women and go back to the gentlemen," he jokes, eyes crinkling. And then he addresses the question.



The consummate campaigner, in the White House or on the stump, he is outwardly personal and personable, whether relating the immigrant past of his ancestors or his 82-year-old mother's hip operation. He has had more Americans into the White House as visitors than any other President in history. Records show he has held more televised news conferences —59—and had his picture taken individually with more people than any of his predecessors. He cites the facts himself, proudly, as if they prove that he is not the distant figure his critics depict.

Yet for all that, and despite holding the most public office in the world under

unforgiving scrutiny, Jimmy Carter is, remarkably, harder to figure out now than he was in 1973 when, as Governor of Georgia, he appeared as the mystery guest on the television show *What's My Line?* and stumped the panel. Though he lives in the spotlight, Carter remains an intensely private person. His hobbies are those of a loner—fishing by himself for hours on end in a Georgia pond or a Pennsylvania trout stream, or jogging through the woods of Camp David, to which he and Rosalynn now retreat almost weekly. Except for Charles Kirbo, the Atlanta attorney who is his confidant, and his former Budget Director, Bert Lance, he has few close friends and virtually none in Washington. He came to office running against Washington, the Congress, special interest groups and politics-as-usual; in many respects he is still against them.

"He isn't a politician in the traditional sense, yet he is a very good politician," says Robert Strauss, his campaign manager. "He doesn't like to sit around and swap political stories. It's not good relaxation for him. He's not a 'one-of-the-boys' kind. He'd rather have good music on, some of it classical and some of it country-and-western."

Carter has done little reaching out for help, and there is no reason to believe he would do more in a second term. He invited 100 prominent Americans to Camp David a year ago, when he was trying to resolve the national "malaise" crisis, but he seemed to be following a script drawn up by Pollster Patrick Caddell. When Media Adviser Gerald Rafshoon urged Carter to fire Cabinet members days later as a means of attracting attention, the President acceded, an egregious exercise that seemed to make a mockery of his search for wise advice.

Summoning a team and then synthesizing its advice is a favorite Carter assault on a problem, and it exemplifies an inclination to manage rather than to govern. He also has a tendency to mistake the delineation of solutions to a problem for the solution itself. That happened when he announced his first energy program in early 1977. Carter called it the "moral equivalent of war," and he was right, but then he stepped away. Having announced a necessary program, he seemed to believe it would move along automatically. He failed to recognize the importance of pushing and negotiating with Congress and selling the idea to the public. Governing, in other words.

Concentrating too much on the issue of the moment, Carter has passed so many conflicting signals that people at home and abroad often do not know what they are supposed to be hearing. Like a spinning magnet, Carter alternately attracts and repels constituencies, supporting recession and social justice, growth and inflation, energy and environment, security and human rights. A man who arouses no strong feelings of loyalty, Carter has found himself at the mercy of events with little support on Capitol Hill or in the country. He may lapse into demagoguery on the campaign trail, zapping Reagan, but he abhors strident oratory when trying to sell a program, and his soft-sell approach undermines his effect as a leader.

The appearance too often is of a "passionless presidency," in the words of one-time Chief Speechwriter James Fallows. Even some of his own staff are unsure about precisely what programs Jimmy Carter believes in enough to espouse if re-elected next month. Whether, for example, he will attempt to push the SALT II treaty through Congress or instead concentrate first on defense improvements.

Hamilton Jordan, the President's closest aide, believes the inability to project a vision of where he wants to lead the country and to explain clearly what he has accomplished has plagued the Administration most. "Our greatest single failure is that we have not communicated effectively a description of the country's problems or a pertinent solution to those problems," he says. It is more than that. At times Carter's touch has been so uncertain that he has caused many Americans to lose confidence in him, to wonder if he really had a vision for the country.

> "I am more knowledgeable about our nation now, its strengths and its limitations, its opportunities and its problems, the relationship between the President and the administration of the Government . . ."

To be fair, the nation has come to make vast and probably unrealistic demands on the presidency. Anyone occupying the White House during the past four years would have found his leadership shaken and shaped by events over which he had virtually no control: the relative decline of American strength in the world; the slide in productivity and innovation in the American economy; the lessening of American willingness to compromise and horse-trade; the dramatic growth of lobbies and special interest groups; the evolving independence of Congress. In this environment, to make matters worse, Carter came to office more a dreamer than a realist. But he is learning. Says Jordan: "We have readjusted ourselves in a more pragmatic way to the problems we face."

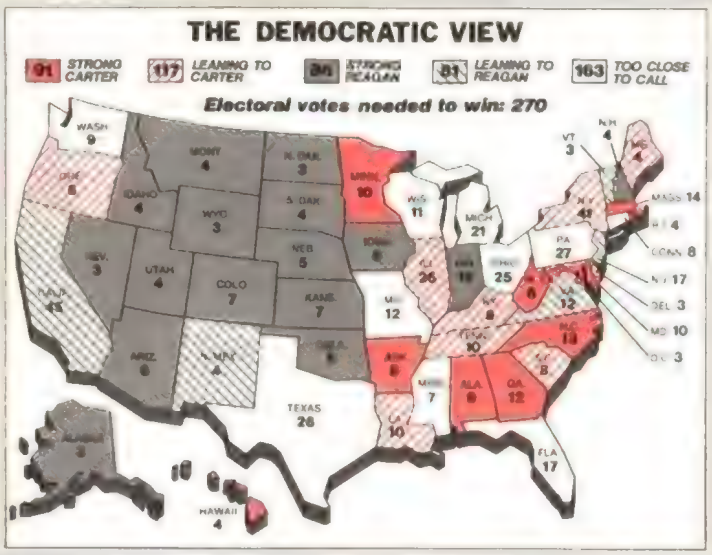
Indeed, Carter has learned the necessity of being flexible. He abandoned his notion of giving taxpayers a $50 rebate to stimulate the economy, explaining that improved economic conditions led to his decision, although the proposal faced possible defeat in the Senate. He decided against withdrawing U.S. troops from Korea when convinced that none of his top advisers thought it was a good idea. Perhaps his most striking metamorphosis was on the issue of defense spending. He came into office determined to cut military costs, but changed his mind. Although he dropped the B-1 bomber, he has since pushed ahead with cruise missile development and talked European allies into upgrading their theater nuclear forces. He is now pressing for the development of a new bomber incorporating the so-called stealth technology. Last December, influenced by Soviet moves in Africa, Viet Nam and Cambodia and the threat to Afghanistan, Carter came full circle and endorsed a sustained growth in defense spending. Later, when Soviet forces poured into Afghanistan, the President felt betrayed by Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, who had pledged his peaceful intentions only six months previously at their summit in Vienna.

The transformation from an idealistic and moralizing man who had called for the total abolition of nuclear weapons in his Inaugural Address to a more hard-headed realist who better understands power and existence, the perfidy of others and the limitations of his own authority is by no means complete and may never be. Still it is the most profound change the President has undergone in this term.

Carter's men credit the change to his time in office. "There is no doubt in my mind that experience is the most priceless asset of all. Every day you do better," says White House Counsel Lloyd Cutler, the lawyer who is the only Washingtonian to have cracked the President's inner circle.

Jimmy Carter is selling experience and his hard-won realism as the best reasons for re-electing him. Says he: "I am more knowledgeable about our nation now, its strengths and its limitations, its opportunities and its problems, the relationship between the President and the administration of the Government, between the President and the Congress, between the United States and foreign leaders. Obviously three and a half years of learning under the most challenging circumstances acquaints one with the issues and prepares one to make a better judgment about what is best for our country."

Carter, of course, does have a record of some accomplishment to show for his years in office, a record he feels keenly is not sufficiently appreciated. The President is most proud of the energy program. While it is far from perfect, took him three years to put into effect and is largely a Senate product, it nonetheless is a start to-



The polls of the nation's popular vote track the tides moving in a presidential election, but the race is really segmented into 51 parts—the states and the District of Columbia—from which the winner must assemble the 270 electoral votes to put him in the White House. As the campaign began in earnest on Labor Day, TIME asked the Reagan and Carter camps to compile battle maps of how each sized up its prospects; they were published in the Sept. 15 issue. As the finish line nears, these maps show how it looks to each side today.

At first glance, a comparison might seem to show a Republican drift. In September, the Reagan camp counted states with 130 electoral votes as strong for their candidate; now they tally states with 145 votes. Initially, Carterites figured states with 98 electoral votes strong for Carter; now they claim only 91.

But a close examination of the leaning and too-close-to-call states puts things in a more complicated perspective. In the critical Big Eight states, Reagan's followers rate California, the biggest prize of all, as strong for their candidate; but Carter's aides will con-

ward resolving what is likely to be the most critical issue facing the industrialized West during the rest of the century. The nation laughed at the moral equivalent of war, and Jimmy Cardigan quickly abandoned that unpopular rubric in late 1977. But he had his priorities right.

Carter also pushed through civil service reforms, deregulation of airlines, trucking and banking institutions and passed strip-mining legislation. Not surprisingly for a former farmer, his agriculture program has been extremely good, raising farm price supports and helping promote sales abroad. Each year in office, exports have broken records, culminating in this year's shipment worth $40 billion. But farmers, caught in the squeeze of inflation and angered by his embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union, have often railed against him.

The President's finest hour in foreign policy was his negotiation of the Camp David peace accords that led to the treaty between Israel and Egypt. Normalizing relations with China—in campaign speeches Carter joyously refers to "a billion new friends"—while maintaining a working relationship with Taiwan has also been a major positive step. The Panama Canal treaties, lifting the Turkish arms embargo, the sale of nuclear materials to India and the attempt to create closer relations with Saudi Arabia through the sale of warplanes were all difficult issues that the Administration fought to successful conclusions.

Yet in many more areas of domestic and foreign policy, Carter has been unable to anticipate, to present a coherent approach to a problem, to avoid zigzagging. "The President has learned how to work with Congress," says Presidential Assistant Anne Wexler, one of Carter's savviest political advisers. "At the beginning he thought he didn't need to be as personally involved, but he has discovered the only way to get bills passed is to build coalitions of support."

But Carter has learned that lesson late, and incompletely. And he was dealing with Democratic majorities on the Hill—even if those majorities were riven by unruly factions. Congress embarrassed the White House this year by twice overriding vetoes, the first time a Democratic Congress had done that to a Democratic President in 28 years.

Carter's relations with Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, once one of the Administration's staunchest allies, have soured because the White House felt the West Virginian was pushing Ted Kennedy's challenge. Carter, who never liked or respected Congress and came to office running against it, still has poor relations with the Hill in general. His congressional liaison staff, the weakest major department in the White House, has been further sapped by Hamilton Jordan's skimming off the best of the group to work on the President's re-election campaign.

Though the President has shown little ability in managing the economy, he has had to contend with many difficulties beyond his control. The seeds of inflation were well nurtured before he took office. He had no say in setting OPEC's oil prices, nor could he be blamed for the fact that Toyota and Datsun anticipated America's growing desire for small cars well before Detroit. But Carter clearly has contributed to the confusion over the economy. Last spring, for example, he first asked the public to stop buying on credit, then reversed himself weeks later.

Last week, speaking at the National Press Club in Washington, he reported some good news about the economy's recovery from the recession, but failed to give any convincing explanation of why he thought that he could now control inflation when he has been unable to for the past four years. That too has been part of his learning experience. He admits being caught off guard by inflation, though a Governor who was in office during the 1973 oil embargo and who uses OPEC as his scapegoat should not have been. "This enormous buildup in oil prices has driven inflation high and interest rates high all over the world," Carter told a town meeting in Nashville. "Had I known ahead of time that would happen, I would have put much more emphasis the first couple of years on controlling inflation than I did."

Carter has generally tried to steer a conservative course, a rare and difficult goal for a Democratic President, but his compass has been erratic. He has actually introduced four anti-inflation plans. None have had much impact, partly because he has been reluctant to propose the kind of slashing required to get the federal budget into balance—provided he could have pushed such cuts through Congress. Last winter the Administration submitted its normal budget, but then, when stunned by fresh inflation figures and an anticipated deficit of $16 billion, rushed out another in six weeks.

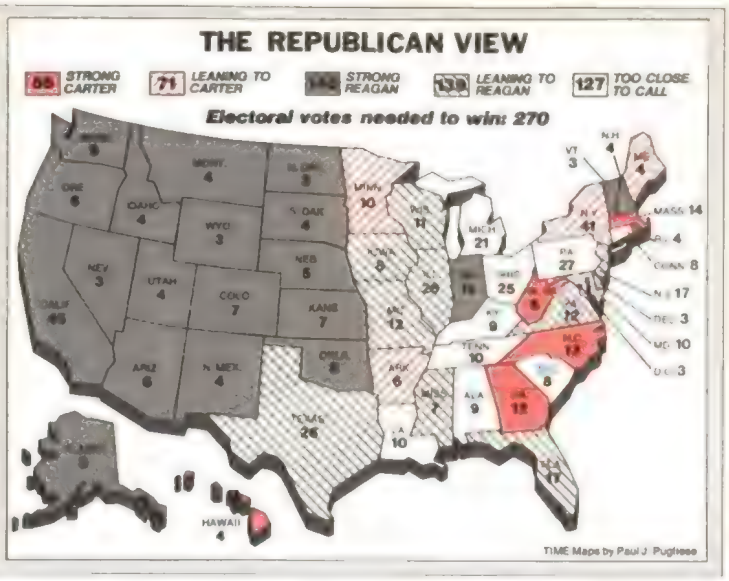
One reason for the scrambling was politics—Democratic politics. In the fall, when the Administration economists were preparing the budget, the President and his advisers worried about the challenge on the left from Kennedy. Cutting social programs could cost them important liberal support. But when inflation soared instead of dipping as they expected, and the Kennedy challenge started to fade, Carter rushed to the right to avoid being outflanked by Ronald Reagan, then starting to hit his stride.

In foreign policy, Carter missed his chance to get a SALT II treaty—essentially completed under President Ford—early in his Administration. By trying to sell far bigger cuts in nuclear arms to the Soviets, Carter almost derailed the whole SALT process and had vast difficulties finally negotiating the treaty, which is still unratified by Congress. Nevertheless, the President repeatedly cites

cede only that it is leaning toward its former Governor. Both sides consider New York to be leaning to Carter. Each camp believes Illinois to be leaning toward its candidate. Texas and Florida are thought by the Republicans to be leaning toward Reagan, but the Democrats rate both as toss-ups. And both camps are in complete agreement on Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan: all are too close to call.

The Republicans claim every state west of the Mississippi River as either strong for or leaning toward Reagan. In the South, the Democrats scent possibilities in Texas and Florida, while the Republicans hope to crack Carter's supposed bastions in Tennessee, Alabama, Kentucky and South Carolina.

There are some strange anomalies. The Republicans class Iowa as only leaning toward their candidate, but the Democrats consider the state strong Reagan. Returning the favor, the Republicans in September rated Massachusetts as strong Carter, while the Democrats thought it was only tending their way. Only now do the Carterites concede that, yes, the Bay State is strong for the President.



his commitment to arms control and Reagan's opposition to the SALT pact as the most significant issue on which they differ in this election. Carter's position is clearly more realistic because SALT II promises at least a modest cap on the Soviet arms buildup and Reagan has not satisfactorily explained why the Soviets would accept the deep cuts he wants any more than those proposed by Carter.

On other matters, the reality of America's diminishing authority in the world was reflected in the Administration's problems to date in securing the release of the hostages in Tehran, to reverse Soviet expansionism in Africa or in Afghanistan, or to bring influence to bear in the Persian Gulf.

Hyperbole has also been a difficulty for the President and has exacerbated doubt about him. Four minutes after meeting President Hafez Assad of Syria, Carter described him before television cameras as one of his "favorite leaders," thoroughly confusing Assad, not to mention Israel. Visiting Tehran, Carter sang the praises of the Shah, then jettisoned the Iranian leader when the King of Kings began to fall; the episode was one of the sorriest in the Administration. The President's description of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as "the most serious threat to peace since the Second World War" was another overstatement that confused Americans and foreigners alike. If it was so serious, why did not the U.S. try to do something far more impressive about it? Carter has described both the hostages in Iran and the Cuban refugees as "my most pressing human problems." The President hyperbolizes in another way—he regularly exaggerates his record. The *Wall Street Journal* recently called Carter's claim that he had a better legislative record than Franklin Roosevelt a "travesty," and proved it.

His on-the-job training has been a very painful process for Carter. He hurt himself from the start by both expecting and promising too much. He arrived in Washington with an almost limitless list of priorities that was too much, too soon. Some close aides maintain the President has benefited from that. "He's learned how to prioritize and to say no," says Strauss. "The Panama Canal treaties were important, but he should have worked harder on energy first." If Carter wins again, says Strauss, "he's got to work on long-term planning."

White House Counsel Cutler, who has advised past Presidents and who knows more than anyone else in the White House about how Washington works, believes that Carter has absorbed a great deal in four years. "He's learned the need for balance and knows now he can't achieve all of his goals at the same time. Everyone who has never been President thinks he can do it all if only he had those reins. This President has learned to put things in much better perspective."

Carter has discovered the importance of repeating his message over and over again to make sure that it gets through undistorted. "He has learned that the President is above all a teacher," says Wexler. In the course of his campaigning, swooping down in his gleaming silver-and-blue Air Force One jet to land in Tallahassee or Boston, St. Louis or Tacoma, he has done some of the best explaining of his Administration.

Extremely well organized and prepared, the President targets his audiences carefully. In Boston, with Kennedy at his side, Carter appears before an audience of some 500 elderly people and effectively portrays Reagan as a foe of Social Security, Medicare, health insurance and unemployment insurance. The old people applaud. To New Jersey labor leaders, Carter says Reagan opposes labor law reform. Scoffs Carter: "Ronald Reagan says unemployment compensation is a free paid vacation for freeloaders." In a state where the race is close, but a must win for Carter, the labor leaders nod and nudge each other.

While campaigning, Carter has been handicapped by one of the great burdens of the incumbency: a challenger need not, indeed cannot, prove that he could do better, and a sitting President cannot make claims with the casual insouciance of his out-of-office opponent. For example, Reagan is free to talk more boldly about his support for Israel than Carter, who has taken a far more even-handed approach in office. The general thrust of Carter's Middle East policy has been sound, if often marred in execution; Reagan's almost totally one-sided Middle East program would be unlikely to survive in office.

At the Forest Hills Jewish Community Center in Queens, New York City, the President is shouted at by a handful of Jews who believe that if re-elected he will put pressure on Israel to give up the West Bank and Gaza. "Jerusalem is Jewish," they chant. Carter shouts over the most raucous heckling he has endured as President. "I want each of you, including the demonstrators, to go back to the people in your neighborhoods and tell them this: the President will never turn his back on Israel. I never have and I never will . . . this President will never use economic and military aid as a lever against Israel, not in the last four years, not now and not in the next four years."

For all the warm welcomes he usually gets, the campaigning Carter has not stilled the old question about his difficulty in being an inspiring leader. He still has trouble rising above the level of politician to project himself as truly presidential. His vituperative personal attacks on Reagan may have "worked," as his political advisers maintain. But by choosing that tactic Carter brushed aside the fact that Americans expect more of their Presidents. That too is a burden of incumbency, one of the prices to be paid for all the benefits it bestows.

If Carter is re-elected, there will be a

drastic reshuffling of the Cabinet, top agency chiefs and some of the senior White House staff. The President has never used his Cabinet well, relying far too much on the tiny band of Georgians who constitute most of his inner circle of advisers. Domestic Adviser Stuart Eizenstat, for example, has served on numerous occasions, in fact if not title, as Secretary of Energy and of Treasury. Cecil Andrus has already announced his intention to leave the Interior Department. Philip Klutznick will depart Commerce. The White House has been disappointed with both Benjamin Civiletti at Justice and Charles Duncan at Energy, and they are likely to go, along with many others, including, friends believe, Hamilton Jordan, who will have had enough of Washington if he succeeds in getting Carter re-elected.

Jimmy Carter will feel vindicated if he wins again, which his instincts, if not yet the polls, tell him he will. Harry Truman is his hero. A bronze bust of the 33rd President faces him across the Oval Office. He sees striking similarities between himself and the feisty haberdasher who was all but written off until the final count of the 1948 election. "When I take a step that's not very popular, I think of the unpopularity that Harry Truman had to suffer before he was finally vindicated," Carter told an audience at Truman High School in Independence, Mo., last month.

But would Carter's vindication lead to a fresh start? There is concern in Washington that Jimmy Carter would be likely to feel, as he did in 1976, that he owed his victory to no one. Associates predict he would be even more private, working on only a few projects to assure his place in the history books—a strategic arms agreement with the Soviets, a comprehensive energy program that will secure the nation's energy independence.

Carter's vision of the American future in a changing world is much more somber than Reagan's. "I don't claim to have all the magic answers, and I don't think there are any simple or easy answers," he said in St. Louis last week. "We face very serious challenges." Many Americans believe he is right and that Reagan's proposals to make the future a better past are unrealistic and simplistic. Critics regard them as the free-form concepts of a man who does not understand the complexities of issues that force their way into the Oval Office and who would have as much to learn about the job as Jimmy Carter did—or more.

But many Americans are equally skeptical that Carter's prime assets, experience on the job and innate intelligence, are enough to meet challenges the next time around when they have largely overwhelmed him so far. There can be no doubt that he has learned a good deal in these four years. But whether a reborn Carter presidency would be a significantly better one is a question that remains as elusive as Carter himself. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

How Will the Kremlin "Vote"?

All over Washington last week the foreign embassies were studying the election polls with the same intensity as Chicago's Mayor Jane Byrne. Those faceless analysts in the lower reaches of diplomacy manned the phones looking for clues about the next U.S. President. One Communist newsman hurried to the office of an American counterpart and traded electoral theories on Reagan and Carter for an hour, left a little vodka in appreciation, then undoubtedly dashed back to his embassy to file a report behind the Iron Curtain.

What is making this city nervous in these waning days of the campaign is that the "votes" that may tip this election could come from Leonid Brezhnev, the Ayatullah Khomeini, Menachem Begin or assorted other parties far beyond any U.S. precincts.

The pollsters almost to a man believe that the Carter-Reagan race is now so even and so fluttery that one good puff of wind from the Persian Gulf or Moscow could turn the tiny tide one way or another. These "external sources of conflict," to use the language of the experts, can dramatically bring "coherence" to a confused domestic political picture by scaring people to one side or the other. Burns Roper calls this year's race closer than the eyelash contest of Kennedy-Nixon in 1960, and his research of the data from 50 years shows that every international scare benefited the incumbent President. Yet the dynamics of this election are so bizarre that none of the experts will rule out the possibility of such an incident's turning against Carter.

Iran's President Banisadr before a Khomeini poster

If the hostages are released, Richard Scammon believes, the stunning television spectacle of men and women kissing U.S. soil after a year of captivity would virtually assure the President's victory. Still, a thin hint that Khomeini was seeking leverage or the White House orchestrating such a drama could send Carter packing. What if there were Iranian mines in the Strait of Hormuz and Carter dispatched a huge allied armada to clear them out? The experts quibble—maybe yes for Carter-on-the-bridge, maybe no.

Ed Muskie sipped orange juice the other morning on the seventh-floor balcony of the State Department and doubted that other nations deliberately try to influence our elections. What happens, he judges, is that events always quicken around a U.S. election, and foreign powers hurry to protect their own interests in a time of political change. The fallout echoes through our nation, and it can influence a vital segment of the electorate.

Jimmy Carter cannot shape the world as much as Ronald Reagan believes, but Carter can hurry, nudge, urge, threaten in a thousand ways that can bring change. Thus the pressure was desperate to complete in a few days the deal for selling 6 million to 9 million metric tons of grain to China. The arrival of the Iranian mission at the U.N. sent a delicious shudder through Foggy Bottom. Castro's release of imprisoned Americans was viewed as an effort to soothe troubled waters for whoever wins the Oval Office—but Castro wants Carter. The word leaked out that Armand Hammer, the U.S. industrialist and buddy of Brezhnev's, came straight from Moscow last week with a secret letter of peaceful portents from the Soviet President for his American counterpart. Begin's slight shift on the Palestinians seemed designed to burnish his U.S. image before the big ballot. All of these events at the very least focused more national concern on the issue of leadership.

Rarely in the past, except in time of war, has foreign policy been the decisive American political issue. But the opinion data now show the social issues waning and worldly well-being ranking up close to pocketbook economics.

One lesson of these days is that the loss of the great margin of American power and prestige makes our open system of government easier to influence from the outside and at the same time makes it more imperative than ever that we get a skilled person as President. The national perception that we may not have offered up our best talent in this election rests heavily on America's mind.

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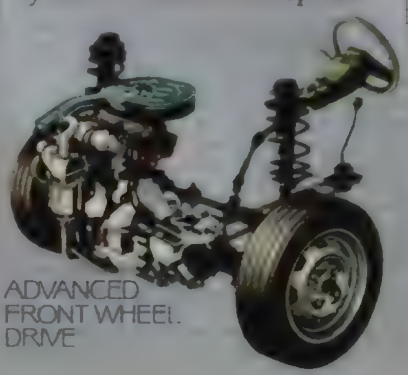

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Battle for the Bigger Half

Reagan challenges Carter's lead among women

It was Ronald Reagan's first press conference in a month, and his advisers were delighted at the results. The Republican not only cleanly fielded reporters' questions in Los Angeles, he made a headline-grabbing announcement. If elected, he said, "one of the first Supreme Court vacancies in my Administration will be filled by the most qualified woman I can find." With that, Reagan hoped to cut into President Jimmy Carter's current lead among women voters.

Apparently anticipating criticism from women with different viewpoints that this was a late-campaign gesture, Reagan said, "I oppose tokenism, and I oppose setting false quotas. We need the best people possible at the highest levels of government regardless of sex, race or religion. I am also acutely aware, however, that within the guidelines of excellence, appointments can carry enormous symbolic significance." But, asked a reporter, "why make the announcement now?" Replied Reagan: "You can't do everything in the first week of the campaign."

Be that as it may, the Reagan strategists are concerned about reaching women voters on several counts. Polls show that more women support the President than the Republican, particularly in some of the big battleground states. There are more women than men in the group of undecided voters whose allegiance on Election Day may be crucial. And there are more potential women voters than men voters in the U.S. population (about 52%). Women tend to turn out to vote in the same ratio as men and their numbers could prove decisive in a close election, as this one is expected to be. Thus the battle for the bigger half is deadly serious.

The Carter lead among women apparently has been shrinking, and some Reagan aides predict that it will virtually disappear by Election Day. Nationwide it was as high as 10% in August, according to a Yankelovich, Skelly and White survey for TIME. More recently, both Gallup and Harris polls showed Carter only 2% ahead among women. The percentage of women who say they are undecided has also been dropping, to only 5% this month, but it is still slightly higher than the percentage of undecided among men.

Some of the state breakdowns on the current leanings by sex are much sharper —and explain Reagan's need to improve his appeal to women. New York *Times*–CBS News polls rate Reagan well ahead of Carter among men in Illinois (41% to 30%), but trailing among women (27% to 36%); 26% of the women are undecided. The difference is similar in Texas (Reagan leads 45% to 38% among men, but trails 33% to 42% among women, and 20% of the women are undecided) and Pennsylvania (Reagan leads 39% to 31% among men, trails 30% to 32% among women, with 26% of women undecided). Polling in eight key states by the Washington *Post* showed that Reagan led 39% to 34% among men, but was behind 38% to 31% among women. Atlanta Pollster Claibourne Darden found even greater differences in eight Southern states, where Carter gets 47.5% support among women, but only 35.1% among men.

Why this distinction between the sexes? Strategists in both the Reagan and Carter camps agree on the major factor: women are more sensitive than men to issues that involve war and peace and, unfairly or not, Reagan is perceived by many women as more likely than Carter to pursue policies that risk war. Contends Marquette University Sociologist Wayne Youngquist: "Men may say to themselves, 'We need a strong defense. We're tired of being pushed around.' But women are saying to themselves, 'No one is dying, so let's keep it that way.'" Contends Ohio Republican Robert Hughes, a party leader in Cleveland: "It is always the mother who worries most about the son."

The Carter and Reagan analysts detect two other trends among women voters: they are more likely to make up their minds later than men and to stay with an incumbent. This so worried Carter's advisers in 1976 that Pollster Patrick Caddell warned in a late-campaign memo that women were staying with President Gerald Ford in numbers great enough to defeat Carter. As the challenger, Carter then made a pitch for the women's vote and wound up losing it to Ford by only 51% to 48%. Some 4.5 million more women than men voted in that election.

The analysts agree that Reagan is also hurt among women by his failure to support their right to abortions and the Equal Rights Amendment. The National Organization for Women, which has 125,000 members, organized picketing for most of Reagan's public appearances this month. Still, the same group has not endorsed Carter—a way of punishing him for not pushing hard enough to win ratification of the ERA by even one state legislature since he took office, and for his stand on abortions for the poor. Few women, however, are expected to vote for Carter or Reagan solely because of single issues like abortion or ERA. Insists a Republican feminist in Ohio: "Only the most diehard women are going to vote for or against Reagan on ERA when other, more important things are at stake. War is the issue."

Nor do many leaders of women's groups or opinion experts expect Reagan's promise to elevate a woman to the Supreme Court to have much impact on the female vote. Says Gregory Martire, a Yankelovich vice president: "I'd be surprised if it helped, though it may soothe the women who were going to vote for him anyway." Contends a Republican national committeewoman in New England: "Announcing a future move is not enough to wipe out the mistrust and dismay many women felt after the Republican Convention." In any event, Carter, who has named 41 women to federal judgeships, has not made the same promise. But Atlanta Lawyer Griffin Bell, his former Attorney General and still an influential adviser, has named one of Carter's most likely candidates for the highest court. She is Amalya Kearse, 43, a U.S. Court of Appeals judge in New York City. She is also black. Making promises about future appointees is obviously a game that any presidential candidate could play. ■

"How would you like to be on the Supreme Court?"

The Senate: Two Incumbents Falter

Two Democratic Senators are in trouble back home partly because of their support for expensive federal programs, even though one of them is a Capitol institution who is a master at steering federal largesse to his constituents. Meanwhile, a small revolution may be about to occur in the House: a record number of women are running, and they may double their representation in Congress.

Washington's Monument

Seniority and control over federal expenditures: both are powerful assets that Washington Democrat Warren Magnuson touts in his campaign for a seventh term in the Senate. Ironically, they may also be his greatest liabilities.

Magnuson, 75, chairs the powerful Appropriations Committee, which heavily influences how the Government will spend its half-trillion dollars a year. He is also the ranking Democrat on the Budget and Commerce committees. In effect, he only needs to nod to have federal money steered toward his constituents. Boasts he: "Washington gets more federal money per capita [$1,850] than any state in the union." Everywhere there are signs of "Maggie's" vast power: $951 million of relief for the victims of Mount St. Helens' eruptions, $5.7 billion in hydroelectric projects on the Columbia River, including the $1.5 billion Grand Coulee Dam complex. Federal grants and contracts to Washington have exceeded $80 billion during his past 13 years as Senator.

But federal fiscal restraint has become attractive even to voters in Washington. As a result, Magnuson's pork-barrel record is no longer the asset that it was in past campaigns. Says his moderate Republican opponent, State Attorney General Slade Gorton: "I'm not saying Maggie hasn't done good for this state. He has. I'm saying he has now become part of the problem of ravaging inflation, and that I'm part of the solution."

Magnuson still wields the gavel

Gorton, who looks a little like Henry Fonda, has argued more cases before the U.S. Supreme Court than any other state attorney general (14) and initiated antitrust suits against some of the state's major industries and banks. He has a campaign war chest of $400,000 with the help of timber and small-business interests, but he is still being outspent more than 2 to 1 by Magnuson.

Nevertheless, Gorton, 52, is running almost even in the polls with Magnuson, partly because of an issue that he tends to run around rather than confront directly: the incumbent's age. The Republican organized a 62-mile relay run from Seattle to the state capital of Olympia to file his election papers, running nine of the miles himself. The contrast with the portly Magnuson, who now walks with a shuffle and has a hearing problem, was obvious. Seated in his state office, surrounded by pictures and mementos of the eight Presidents with whom he has served, Magnuson says, "I may walk a little slow. But the meeting doesn't start until I get there, and it doesn't stop until I bang the gavel." ■

Iowa's Fullback

Pugnacious. The word fits liberal Democrat John Culver as well as his football helmet did when he was a fullback at Harvard. Now, after ten years as a Congressman and six as a Senator from Iowa, the beefy Culver, 48, is running for re-election with all of the ferocity that he once showed on the gridiron. His opponent this time is not simply mild-mannered Republican Charles Grassley, 47, a conservative Congressman and corn farmer, but the entire New Right—the antiabortion, antiliberal and conservative-evangelical Christian groups that have put Culver on their nationwide hit list.

Feet apart, fists chopping the air, Culver roars that he received a zero-percent rating from Christian Voice, a fundamentalist lobbying group. With fire and brimstone in his voice, he adds sarcastically: "If you were for SALT II, you couldn't be a good Christian. If you were for normalization of relations with China, you couldn't be a good Christian. My opponent [who got a 100% rating] voted against foreign aid. What would Jesus Christ have said to that when 1 billion people in the world are going to bed hungry every night?"

Culver roars at voters about the New Right

His opponent, the boyish, personable Congressman, neither looks nor acts like the venomous creation of the New Right that Culver depicts. To Culver's charge that Grassley accepted campaign funds from out-of-state oil and chemical companies and right-wing groups like the National Conservative Political Action Committee, Grassley notes that the incumbent has received money from out-of-state labor unions and New York City liberals. Says Grassley: "Who's a tool of what organization? He talks about N.C.P.A.C., but what about ADA [the liberal Americans for Democratic Action]?"

While Culver is at his bombastic best before large groups, Grassley is in his element in one-on-one encounters with voters, on street corners, at coffees, in backyards. He is trying to focus his campaign on the economy. Says he: "I am diametrically opposed to John Culver, the biggest spender in the Senate. He has never voted against a single spending bill to come out of the Senate. These policies have brought the U.S. economy to its knees." By contrast, Grassley has regularly opposed foreign aid and voted no on many spending bills, including the 1979 bill to raise Congressmen's annual salaries by $3,000 to $60,662.

Both candidates are equally matched in budgets (more than $1.4 million apiece) and, according to polls, in support among voters. Thus no one in either camp disputes Culver's analysis: "We're in the fourth quarter, and we're even." ■

Illustration for TIME by David Levine

The House: They Stump to Conquer

Women Runners

"A national evolution," says Nancy Sinnott, campaign director of the National Republican Congressional Committee, and so it seems to be. This year 51 women, 25 Republicans and 26 Democrats, are running for the U.S. House of Representatives.* If the 16 Democratic and 14 Republican women who are given good chances of winning do so, the House will have a record 30 women members in 1981.

The phenomenon is an outgrowth of increased political activity by women at all levels of government. At last count, nearly 14,300 women held over 9% of all local, state and federal elective posts, compared with 5% in 1975. Says Janyce Katz, an official of the National Women's Political Caucus: "Women are coming out of the ranks." They have been helped by the breakdown in party organizations; instead of smoke-filled rooms, most nominees are now chosen in open primaries. And they are finding a new willingness on the part of local groups and national party leaders to contribute money to women's campaigns. For example, in 1978 New Jersey Republican Marge Roukema, 51, raised only $142,000 and lost by 6% of the vote to Democratic Incumbent Andrew Maguire, 41. Says she: "I had fund-raising trouble. I was victimized by people who said, 'She's a woman. Let's hope that she doesn't embarrass herself.' " This year she has raised $258,000, former President Gerald Ford has campaigned on her behalf, and she has a good chance of beating Maguire.

Voters, moreover, are looking at women less as novelties these days. Most women candidates, like the men, are emphasizing economic and defense issues. For instance, in her TV spots, Attorney Sheila Suess, 39, a conservative Republican from Indianapolis, is silhouetted against a B-52 bomber as she says: "If I am elected, I will be a solid vote for a strong national defense." In Colorado, four-term Democratic Incumbent Patricia Schroeder, 40, is opposed by a Republican woman, Denver School Board Member Naomi Bradford, 40. Schroeder, who leads by more than 2 to 1 in the polls, is attacked by Bradford for opposing spending on defense and for failing to support some reclamation projects in Colorado.

Another woman congressional candidate with a commanding lead in the polls is Illinois Republican Lynn Martin, 40, who is running for the House seat being vacated by John Anderson in a district that has never sent a Democrat to Congress. A Julie Andrews look-alike, Martin is a former public school teacher in Rockford who was elected a county commissioner in 1971, a state representative in 1976, and a state senator in 1978. Her hard-driving interest in cutting the state budget caused colleagues to nickname her "the Ax."

Taking no chances on becoming overconfident, Martin has put 26,000 miles on her 1978 Chrysler Le Baron in 14 months of campaigning. She plans to raise $230,000 in funds, to Democratic Opponent Douglas Aurand's modest $60,000. Trying to turn the so-called feminist issues to his own advantage, the portly Aurand, 39, a former telephone company lineman and the Winnebago County treasurer since 1970, wears an embroidered red rose on his lapel, symbolizing his opposition to abortion, and attacks the ERA as opening the way for women to be drafted into the military. The campaign has been refreshingly clean. Says Martin: "I want to be able to face his kids when the election is over."

In another congressional race, in a district that encompasses the industrial cities of Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa., Democrat Jeanette Reibman, 65, is far more experienced in politics than her front-running opponent, Donald Ritter, 40, a former metallurgist and Lehigh University administrator who in 1978 became the first Republican to be elected to Congress from the area in 46 years. An attorney from Easton, Reibman was elected to the state house of representatives in 1954; in 1966 she became Pennsylvania's first elected woman state senator. Says Reibman of her opponent: "The trouble with him is that we have too many inexperienced people in office who do not know how to make government work."

Reibman stresses 26 years in government

Armed with a budget only slightly less than her opponent's $137,000, Reibman is campaigning on her efforts to attract new industry to Pennsylvania, develop a community college system, increase aid to the elderly and improve environmental protection. Says she: "My name is on practically every piece of legislation that has helped bring Pennsylvania into the 20th century." But Ritter replies that Reibman is too liberal, too much of a big spender for the district, and he even implies that she is too old for the job. Says his press secretary, Russell Mack: "For 20 years she has been part of the old guard, voting for large-scale spending programs. Her views are obsolete." Ritter leads in the race, but polls indicate that Reibman could close the gap.

Even if women candidates lose, political experts figure that they often still gain: men frequently lose the first time they run for Congress, but obtain enough exposure to win the second time around. Says Jeane Kirkpatrick, a political scientist at Georgetown University: "We are seeing women building on experience in politics. It is a changed conception of femininity, first on the part of women and second on the part of men. It is a slow process. It has worked its way up to Congress, and maybe it will even work its way up to the vice presidency and the presidency." ■

*In addition, five women (two Democrats and three Republicans) are running for the U.S. Senate

Martin relishes her reputation as "the Ax"

Trying to Unhouse Democrats

Three aggressive Republicans run for Governor

As part of their national strategy, Republicans are going all out to win more governorships, a category in which they now trail Democrats, 19 to 31. Of this year's 13 gubernatorial contests, ten are for offices now occupied by Democrats. Three Republicans are waging particularly aggressive fights for them:

MISSOURI. In a stunning upset, Republican Christopher ("Kit") Bond lost his governorship in 1976 to Democrat Joseph Teasdale by less than 1% of the vote. This year Bond is again running against Teasdale, and he smells blood. Says Bond: "I have no quarrels with Joe Teasdale as a human being. I just think he's been a miserable Governor." Bond pounds hard at Teasdale as the "Great Promiser" for not keeping his 1976 campaign pledge to reduce Missouri's electric utility rates. Says Bond: "Voters found out that they can't believe him."

Teasdale is sticking to the down-home strategy he first developed in 1972, when he called himself "Walkin' Joe" and hiked across the state in an unsuccessful primary bid for Governor. Four years later, he won. He now portrays himself as a defender of the "common man." He boasts, for instance, that at his urging the state legislature voted $2.5 million to help poor people pay their air-conditioning bills during last July's heat wave. Teasdale, a former state prosecutor who graduated from Benedictine College in Atchison, Kans., acidly contrasts his country-boy background with that of the wealthy, Princeton-educated Bond. Says Teasdale: "He governed like a millionaire. He was not seen in Missouri except in the country clubs. There's nothing wrong with that—I used to caddy." Teasdale, who is running behind Bond in the latest polls, is outspending his rival by $2 million to $1.6 million.

RHODE ISLAND. In 1974, Vincent ("Buddy") Cianci Jr. surprised the political experts by winning election as mayor of blue-collar, heavily Democratic Providence, R.I. Now, after six years in which he presided over the city's downtown renaissance, Cianci, 39, is engaged in another uphill battle. In one of the nation's most raucous gubernatorial contests, he is running against popular two-term Democratic Governor J. Joseph Garrahy, 49.

Cianci, who is a brash and fiery campaigner, has accused Garrahy's administration of being implicated in a public housing fraud and of forcing the University of Rhode Island to hire the Governor's former brother-in-law as personnel adviser at a salary of $30,000. Garrahy has responded by charging the mayor with misleading campaign advertising.

Cianci presses a point during a debate in Kingston, R.I.

Moore speaks in Huntington, W. Va.

Bond greets factory workers in Kansas City

Each candidate also sharply attacks his opponent's competence as an administrator. Cianci claims that Garrahy has ignored too many pressing problems, like tuition at the University of Rhode Island, which since last year has risen by 55% to $1,777, fifth highest among state universities. Moreover, says Cianci, the Governor has done nothing to clean up polluted Narragansett Bay. Says Cianci: "I don't believe there should be any 'maybe' buttons on a Governor's desk. Garrahy's desk is full of them. He can't decide and simply waits for things to work themselves out."

Garrahy boasts that he has been most concerned with luring new high-technology and offshore oil drilling companies to the state, which has helped cut its unemployment rate from 11.1% in 1975 to 7.3% last month. The state also is running an $8.5 million budget surplus. In contrast, notes Garrahy, Cianci has failed to stem Providence's mounting deficit, which could run as high as $26 million by the end of this fiscal year. Says Garrahy: "He simply cannot manage a budget adequately." Responds Cianci: "I've had to fix a dying city, and there are still things to be done." According to the latest polls, voters would prefer that he remain in Providence and do them.

WEST VIRGINIA. As Governor from 1969 to 1977, Arch Moore, 57, was a wily, backslapping politician who relished a tough fight, whether with the Democratic legislature or a Democratic candidate for his office. In 1972, he soundly thrashed Democrat John D. Rockefeller IV, even though Moore was outspent by $1.5 million to $700,000. Barred by state law from running for a third consecutive term, Moore went back to his law practice for four years, enabling Rockefeller to win election. Now, Moore is running again, and against Rockefeller.

The chief issue is money. Moore accuses the incumbent of trying to buy the election. Indeed, Rockefeller expects to spend more than $5 million on the campaign (*vs.* Moore's $750,000), much of it from his personal $20 million fortune. He is making heavy use of TV, including buying air time on stations as far away as Pittsburgh and Washington, D.C. He also held gargantuan picnics in 33 of the state's 55 counties. In all, he fed about 100,000 voters fried chicken and a campaign pitch. Rockefeller, who leads in the polls, argues that his wealth ensures voters of his incorruptibility—an oblique reminder of Moore's tax problems with the IRS and his acquittal in 1976 on charges of extorting $25,000 from a company seeking a bank charter.

Rockefeller maintains that, as chairman of the President's Commission on Coal, he can give the state's mining industry a powerful boost if he is reelected. Scoffs Moore: "I hear a lot about clout these days. You use the clout in the first four years of your administration, not in the second." ■

Paratrooper of the Rapid Deployment Force

Howitzers and M-60 tanks awaiting shipment to the U.S. base at Diego Garcia

The Great Defense War

At issue: How prepared is the U.S. military for a fight?

The war in the Persian Gulf and the election campaign at home have added new urgency to a debate that has been going on for months over the state of U.S. defenses. The dispute pits U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown against his top generals and admirals. Republicans against Democratics. Ronald Reagan insists that the U.S. has become No. 2 in military power, while Jimmy Carter maintains, as he did last week to voters on Long Island: "We are the strongest nation on earth, militarily. If adversaries attacked the U.S., they would be committing suicide." The fundamental question: How well prepared is the U.S. to make use of its military power to protect its interests anywhere in the world?

No one denies that the balance of military power has changed since the U.S. last directly confronted the Soviet Union with a display of force in the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. In the past ten years alone, the Soviets have spent $150 billion more than the U.S. on their military forces; they have achieved nuclear parity with the U.S. and considerable superiority in manpower and many conventional weapons. Even so, Brown has taken to the hustings to argue that the U.S. is not nearly as weak as many contend: "A comparison with Soviet readiness, using the same standards, indicates that we're not so badly off." The Soviets predominate in offensive weapons, he concedes, but the U.S. excels in defense. "The Soviets have many more tanks, but we have many more antitank weapons. Which is more important? If you're launching a blitzkrieg, tanks are. If you're trying to defend against one, antitank weapons are at least as important, probably more so."

The Soviets outnumber the U.S. 2 to 1 in manpower. But Soviet conscripts typically serve in their units for no longer than a year and thus might not perform effectively in the chaotic conditions of battle. Since command from above is absolute, individual soldiers and even officers are discouraged from taking action on their own—a potentially serious drawback, since personal initiative can sometimes turn the tide of battle.

Brown believes that the U.S. demonstrably leads the Soviet Union in certain areas. Advanced techniques in data processing give the U.S. a substantial advantage in precision-guided weaponry, like long-range cruise missiles, and a major advantage in antisubmarine warfare. Despite the Soviet introduction of improved ballistic missiles, the U.S. still has 10,000 nuclear warheads, compared with the Soviets' 6,000. Says Brown: "I would say that the trends are not now in their favor because we are modernizing submarine-launched missiles, we have a new class of Trident submarines and a new ballistic missile on the way. We're another five or more years away from, but surely on the road to, an ICBM replacement that will be as capable as any of theirs—and survivable. Theirs are not."

To many other strategists, including top military leaders working for the Defense Secretary, this scenario is too optimistic. They are especially concerned about the next few years when increasingly accurate warheads on Soviet SS-18 and SS-19 missiles may give the Kremlin the capacity to launch a successful first strike against the U.S. land-based ICBM force. U.S. submarine-launched missiles, capable of devastating Soviet cities, will still serve as a powerful deterrent, but many Pentagon planners think that the critical "window of vulnerability" will not be closed until 1986, when cruise missiles and the MX missiles are deployed. During this period, they fear, the Soviet Union may be tempted to believe it has overall military superiority and therefore adopt a more aggressive world posture. Says a top U.S. general: "The threat is great. The risks are increasing." There are three main areas of concern:

PERSIAN GULF. U.S. military experts fear that the U.S. lacks the power to back up Carter's pledge to protect the vulnerable Persian Gulf. Says Jeffrey Record, a senior fellow at the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis: "There is nothing we could do to block Soviet forces from an invasion of Iran's northern provinces, any more than they could block us from an invasion of Baja California."

It is Brown's view that "our ability to move into the region has improved enormously. We had nothing five years ago, when the U.S. depended on the Shah to protect its interests." To carry out the new policy, the Joint Chiefs produced a new command: the Rapid Deployment Joint Task Force (RDF). It consists of 250 officers and senior NCOs at MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa, Fla., and 200,000 soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen who would come under their command in case of an emergency.

Many of the elements of this force are in place. The Navy has sent 33 craft, 17 of them warships, to the Indian Ocean, where they outnumber 29 Soviet vessels, twelve of which are fighting ships. Seven specially fitted cargo ships are stationed at Diego Garcia and equipped with enough supplies to keep a 12,000-Marine amphibious brigade fighting for a month. Agreements have been made with Kenya, Oman and Somalia to start construction next year of port facilities and airfields that U.S. forces can use in a crisis.

Still, the RDF is not making very rapid progress because of interservice rivalry and red tape. Marine Lieut. General P.X. Kelley, the determined but frustrated commander of RDF, must spend as much time bickering with Pentagon brass as he does solving problems in the field. At the top of his list of requirements, for example, is equipment to produce large quantities of drinking water. Should his

troops be dispatched to parched Saudi Arabia, each man would need twelve gallons a day to keep going. At the moment, all kinds of devices are being considered, including one that would condense water from desert air.

Even when the RDF gets fully organized, there are grave doubts about how quickly it can be moved to a trouble spot like the Persian Gulf. Says Kelley: "If you get there fustest, you're there with the mostest." But would the RDF arrive first with the most? Brown estimates that the Army's 82nd Airborne Division, which the Pentagon rates as the sharpest, most combat-ready unit in the U.S., would take several weeks to reach its destination because it lacks enough cargo planes to transport its equipment. A Marine division would take even longer to arrive by sea. A small war might be ended, disastrously or otherwise, by the time these forces were on the scene. Warns an Army staff officer: "With piecemeal efforts, you run the risk of piecemeal defeat."

WESTERN EUROPE. The U.S. is in better shape in a region where it has been prepared to fight alongside its NATO allies for 25 years. Says Brown: "The alliance has substantially improved its military capabilities. There's a big difference between now and 1975." He cites with pride the ability to send four U.S. Army divisions to Europe in case of war instead of the one that was available when he took office.

But the Warsaw Pact nations have a big edge in both troops and tanks. Moreover, supplies are so limited that the U.S. Army could not engage in a major tank war for more than eight weeks without either risking defeat or having to resort to tactical nuclear weapons—a perilous decision that could result in an all-out nuclear exchange. Says Thomas A. Callaghan, director of the Allied Interdependence program at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies: "That is too high a price to pay to retrieve a military disaster that might have been avoided by strong conventional forces."

Yet those forces are not available. The NATO members have only a limited ability to rearm, resupply or even communicate with one another. Says U.S. Under Secretary of Defense Robert Komer: "We still plan, configure, size, train and equip our forces nationally, as if each of us were going to fight the common enemy alone. This is a recipe for disaster." The Carter Administration has successfully pressed its allies to take some steps toward integrating NATO's forces. The President and Brown also won agreement from each NATO member to increase its annual defense spending by 3% in real terms. Says Callaghan: "You've got to give them credit. They've really tried. If you look back, there's been a lot of progress. But if you look ahead, it's just the end of the beginning."

FAR EAST. Once Carter abandoned his campaign promise to withdraw troops from South Korea, U.S. military strategists concluded that the balance of power in the region was no longer in jeopardy. Says John Collins, a senior specialist in national defense at the Library of Congress: "All told, a rough state of equilibrium now prevails between U.S. and Soviet forces in the Far East." Brown believes that the balance of power has even tipped toward the U.S. because of a hardening of attitude toward the Soviets by both China and Japan. China now pins down a quarter of the Soviet air and ground forces along its border, and Japan is planning a larger defense effort in response to the Soviet deployment of troops in islands to the north of Japan.

The U.S. faces troubling prospects overseas at least in part because it has a critical shortage at home of trained, competent, motivated military personnel. None of the services, with the exception of the still gung-ho Marines, can keep enough of their best people. Re-enlistment rates are diving. The Army loses 30% of its personnel every year, many of them senior enlisted men. The Air Force currently needs 2,100 pilots and 400 navigators. The number of nuclear-trained engineers re-enlisting for a third time in the Navy has dropped to 7%; a 60% rate is considered necessary. To keep pay scales from falling further behind private industry, Carter signed a bill in September providing for an across-the-board pay increase of 11.7% for all the services, as well as a boost in certain allowances.

Harold Brown meditating at news conference

Able to arrive "fustest with the mostest"?

U.S. military readiness is also impaired by a failure to modernize weaponry at an acceptable rate. A Pentagon budget document was leaked last week predicting that U.S. ground forces could not meet the Administration's goal of catching up with the quality of Soviet arms by 1985 and surpassing them by 1990. Addressing the Association of the U.S. Army last week, General Frederick Kroesen, commander of the U.S. Army in Europe, warned: "If we go to war tomorrow morning, we go with an obsolescent Army." He noted that his troops will long be using artillery pieces that are "not much improved over what we had in World War II."

Equipment is often not being properly maintained. After the Office of Management and Budget had already cut funds for military operation and maintenance $500 million last year, Congress sliced off another $1 billion. Says a Senate staff expert on defense: "There's nobody on the Hill watching operation and maintenance. These have no constituency."

Moreover, certain industries, like aerospace, are booming with civilian business and have little capacity to fill military orders. The waiting time for parts may stretch over months, or even years. It takes 15 to 18 months to fill orders for ammunition, three years to receive landing gear for jet fighters. Says a senior Air Force general: "There is some residual belief in the country that we could repeat what we did in World War II and turn out aircraft by the thousands almost overnight. It takes three years to build some airplanes now."

While the Pentagon is urgently calling for a bigger budget, money does not solve all problems. Some members of the Rand Corp., the West Coast think tank, believe that defense policies cannot be improved until the U.S. develops a coherent worldwide strategy. They maintain that too much spending is on an *ad hoc* basis, a reflexive response to an immediate crisis. A new armored personnel carrier, for example, was developed by the Army to carry weaponry big enough to knock out the new Soviet T-72 tank in Europe, but the carrier is too large to be transported in a C-141 cargo plane to potential crisis areas like the Persian Gulf.

In defense of his own policies, Brown insists that no Administration can get too far ahead of public opinion. Soured on the military by the Viet Nam War, America was in no mood for major increases in defense spending until quite recently, perhaps 18 months ago, by which time the Carter Administration was backing bigger Pentagon budgets. Says Brown: "It's one thing for a voice in the wilderness to be proclaiming a buildup. It's another to create a political consensus. That takes time."

Brown has a point. The Carter Administration cannot be blamed for a neglect of the U.S. armed forces that goes back more than a decade. But it would be wrong to ignore the generals and admirals who are sounding serious warnings about our defense forces at a time when national policy is going to require that those forces be ready to fight. *—By Edwin Warner. Reported by Don Sider/Washington*

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Richard Meeker and his mother: "I was kind of a perfectionist"

A Game with Death

Actress Mary Tyler Moore loses her son

In the film *Ordinary People*, she plays the part of an excessively reserved and poised matron who proves incapable of helping her 18-year-old son, who has attempted suicide. After the movie was released last month, Actress Mary Tyler Moore, 42, acknowledged that she prepared for the part by drawing on her experiences in raising her own son from her first marriage, Richard Carlton Meeker Jr., 24. Said she: "I was kind of a perfectionist mother, and I demanded a lot of him. I think I was responsible for a lot of alienation. I brought some of that to the part." Indeed, only in the last few years did Meeker, who worked as a bit-part actor and mail-room clerk at CBS television studios, become close to his mother. Said she: "I have a new friend."

In Los Angeles last week, Meeker died in circumstances that uncannily echoed his mother's film. According to Judy Vasquez, 21, who shared a house with him near the University of Southern California campus, Meeker was chatting with her about his girlfriend, Linda Jason, 21, of Fresno. He casually plucked from the wall over his bed a short-barreled .410 gauge shotgun. Sitting with legs folded in the lotus position, Meeker rested the butt of the gun on his ankles, pointed the barrel at his face and began loading and unloading a shell.

Asked Vasquez: "Do you think she's in love with you?" Replied Meeker, tilting his head to the right: "She loves me." With a click, he unloaded the gun and tilted his head to the left. Said he: "She loves me not." There was another click as he loaded the gun and said: "She loves me." Click. "She loves me not." Click. Meeker stared intently at Vasquez and shouted "She loves me!" A blast ripped into Meeker's face, and he fell dead.

Relatives and friends insisted that the shooting was accidental. Said TV Producer Grant Tinker, Moore's estranged husband and Meeker's stepfather: "Both Mary and I had talked to him that day. He was never more 'up.' " Said Linda Jason: "I know it wasn't suicide. He was the happiest he's ever been." According to friends at work, Meeker bought the gun to hunt rabbits. Said his father Richard, a TV executive in Sacramento: "He just liked guns. He had them all over the place. It was just one of those things."

Still, some friends portrayed young Meeker's early years as hectic and troubled. The only child of Moore and Meeker, he was six when his parents were divorced in 1962 after seven years of marriage. He lived first with his mother, then moved in with his father at age 15. He attended a string of schools, started high school late and dabbled briefly in drugs. But friends said that in the past few years he seemed to be on track. Said Janet McLaughlin, 22, another housemate of Meeker's: "Richard wasn't emotionally troubled. He was in love. His job was good." Insisted Grant Tinker: "The movie has absolutely nothing to do with this. There are no parallels." Police were not so certain. They planned several weeks of investigation before attempting to decide whether Meeker killed himself by accident or by design. ■

Watching the Take on TV

"Now look, I can line a lot of customers up for you, members of Congress that are willing to deal with us. If you want to spend money, I'll show you how to spend it."

The cinematography was crude and the quality grainy. Even so, television viewers were treated to a rare drama last week: seeing and hearing Democratic Congressman Michael ("Ozzie") Myers of Philadelphia accepting $50,000 from an undercover FBI agent posing as an intermediary for a fictitious Arab sheik and, in return, promising to sponsor a bill to enable the sheik to settle in the U.S. The Abscam tapes were first aired in short segments on all network evening newscasts, then in their 3½-hour entirety on the Public Broadcasting Service.

Myers was convicted of bribery and conspiracy on Aug. 30, largely on the basis of the video tapes. When the TV networks sought permission to broadcast the tapes earlier this month, the Federal Court of Appeals in Manhattan ruled that, like any court records, the video tapes be available to the public for inspection. Wrote Judge Jon Newman: "We do not believe the public at large must be sanitized as if they all would become jurors in the remaining Abscam trials." Myers appealed, arguing that broadcasting the tapes would "severely undermine" his appeal. But the U.S. Supreme Court rejected his argument last week.

Myers accepts an envelope with $50,000

The decision indicated that tapes shown in the Abscam trials of five other Congressmen, including Florida Republican Richard Kelly, whose trial is to begin this week, could be released for broadcast as soon as they are introduced as evidence. Kelly was defeated for nomination to a fourth term, but Myers is campaigning for re-election. One thing is certain: His opponent will not be demanding equal time.

COVER STORIES

Will the Gulf Explode?

The Iraq-Iran war spews sparks and ignites fuses in all directions

It is the kind of war that could drag on for months and perhaps years—or could just as easily end overnight. The conflict between Iraq and Iran might remain in quarantine, limited to battles between two angry neighbors who have a long history of ethnic and sectarian enmity. Or it could suddenly expand, touching off a full-scale confrontation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

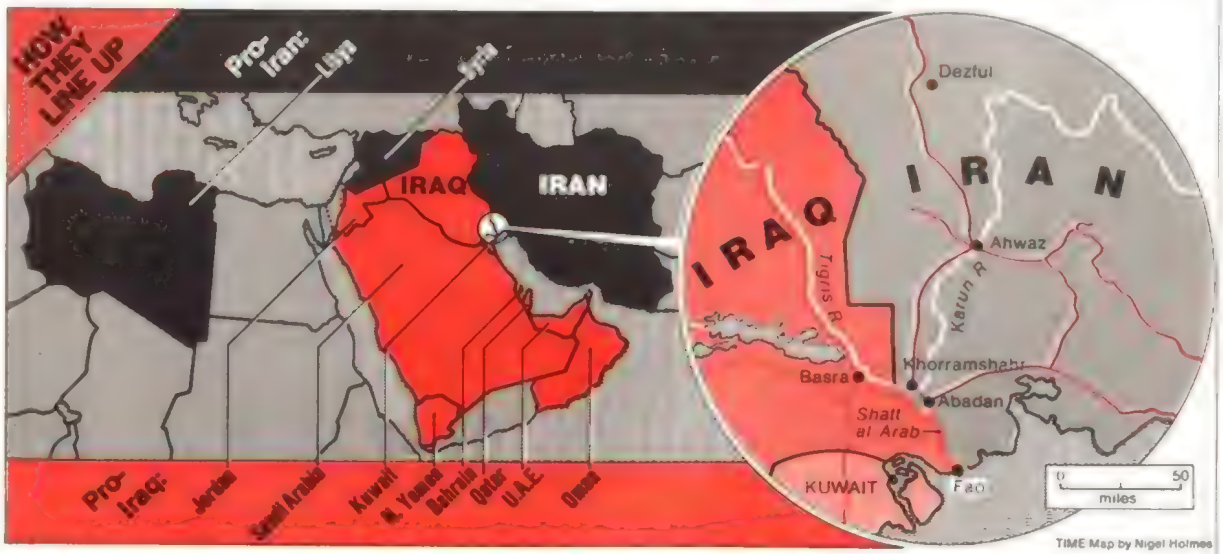
The danger of the Persian Gulf exploding was foremost in the minds of diplomats the world over, including those representing the superpowers. In capitals throughout Europe and Asia, U.S. envoys buttonholed their Soviet counterparts and delivered a stern lecture: with 85,000 Soviet occupation troops in Afghanistan and East-West relations already severely strained, there was a strong predisposition in Washington to attach the most sinister interpretation to anything that could be construed as Soviet intervention in the Iraq-Iran war. Presidential National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski went on television to caution: "We feel it is very important for the Soviet Union, as well as for us, to respect the principle of noninterference and not to become involved in this particular conflict."

The Kremlin hurled similar warnings at the White House. Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko complained to U.S. Ambassador Thomas Watson in Moscow last week that American military activity in the gulf area was a "provocation" and "a threat to peace." Watson assured Gromyko that the U.S. was acting purely defensively and would stay out of the fighting.

Meanwhile Iran and Iraq were slugging it out like determined but weary boxers, unable to land a knockout punch but also unwilling to call it quits. As it had for weeks, the struggle raged over control of the crucial Shatt al Arab waterway. After pummeling the ancient port city of Khorramshahr, the Iraqis laid siege to the Iranian refinery center of Abadan. The Iraqi advance was slowed by the fierce resistance of Iran's Revolutionary Guards, an Islamic militia passionately supportive of the ideals and fulminations of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. Meanwhile, the surprisingly effective Iranian air force hit back at the Iraqis with strafing missions and bombing attacks on at least four cities, including targets on the outskirts of Baghdad. The claims of triumph on both sides seemed equally inflated; but the casualties for each were in the thousands of killed and wounded, and the property damage in the billions of dollars.

Yet the war of attrition along the Shatt al Arab was overshadowed last week by the diplomatic efforts to end the fighting—and by political maneuvers to exploit it. Like the fighting, the diplomacy and the politics could have consequences for the entire Middle East and perhaps for the world. Throughout history, war has often resulted in the reordering of international relations, and it has often been true that the longer and bloodier the war, the more divisive the political aftermath.

Iranian Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i, a strict Muslim fundamentalist, flew to New York City to present to the United Nations Security Council Iran's complaint that Iraq had started the war by attacking Iranian territory. Shortly before Raja'i's arrival, President Carter for the first time referred publicly and disapprovingly to "aggression." Since Iraq is indisputably the aggressor in this conflict, Carter's statement touched off speculation that the U.S. was tilting slightly toward Tehran, perhaps in anticipation of the release of the 52 American hostages. Out of that conjecture grew a new flurry of rumors that a secret deal was in the works: Iran would give up the hostages it has held for more than 350 days in exchange for much needed supplies and spare parts for the arsenal of U.S. weapons that the late Shah had purchased. Several scenarios, all of them denied by Carter Administration sources, were suggested. One was that there would be an Iraq-Iran armistice at the end of October, after which the hostages would be released as part of a settlement; the way would then be clear for the U.S. to rearm Iran and to back Iranian diplomatic efforts to recapture territory



TIME Map by Nigel Holmes

seized by Iraq. Other rumors had it that the hostages, who reportedly had been scattered to safe houses around Iran, had been brought back to Tehran, and that plans for another secret rescue attempt had been scrapped.

In addition to that speculation, there were renewed worries that the war might yet cause massive disruption in world oil supplies. Both Iraq and Iran have seen their precious refineries in flames, a spectacle that horrified countries as diverse as Brazil, India, France and Japan, which relied on Iraq for a significant portion of their imports. So far, the squeeze on most other importers has been minimal. The U.S. and 19 other member nations of the International Energy Agency hold estimated reserves equaling a 150-day supply of imports. Also, Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates and Qatar are partly compensating for the war-induced shortfall by raising their production levels as much as 1.5 million bbl. per day.

But the oil market could be thrown into a panic if Saudi Arabia were sucked into the war or if tanker traffic were interrupted through the Strait of Hormuz at the southern end of the Persian Gulf. That 36-mile-wide channel has been the lifeline for some 40% of the non-Communist world's total supply. Experts fear that the price of oil could soar beyond $100 per bbl., triple the current price, if the war were to widen or the strait were to be closed.

Deterring those nightmares has dominated U.S. diplomacy and military decisions. The Carter Administration persuaded Saudi Arabia and other gulf states to stop letting Iraqi warplanes use Saudi airfields, since such complicity might provoke Iranian reprisals. But the Saudis feared they might be attacked by Iran anyway. At their request, the U.S. dispatched four highly sophisticated airborne warning planes, two tankers for mid-air refueling, a ground radar network and 436 U.S. military personnel to fly and operate all that equipment.

As for protecting the flow of oil out of the gulf, American officials remained confident that an Iranian threat to mine the

Handwriting on wall at bombed Tehran airport exhorts "unity and resistance"

Iraqi armor moves toward Abadan across pontoon bridge on the Karun River (below); ships crowd Aqaba harbor (above)

Strait of Hormuz if other countries intervened in the conflict was a bluff. U.S. intelligence found no evidence that Iran was manufacturing mines or acquiring them from abroad. But just in case, helicopters rigged for minesweeping were standing by on U.S. carriers in the nearby Arabian Sea. "There is no question that we can keep the strait open," Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs David McGiffert told TIME.

While marginally more confident than earlier that the crisis could be contained, official observers in Washington and elsewhere last week began to focus on what could be the most important and troublesome consequences of the crisis. No matter how long it lasts or how it ends, the war has perilously exacerbated the instability of the Middle East by setting off a scramble among the countries in the region to choose sides. It has also led to potentially dangerous jostling between the superpowers to position themselves as advantageously as possible along the sidelines.

The Middle East has long been the scene of pacts and battle lines that can shift almost as suddenly and capriciously as the sands of the desert. But the web of political and military ties emerging around the Iraq-Iran conflict is complex and paradox-ridden even by Middle Eastern standards. The basic line-up—Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Jordan versus Iran, Syria and Libya—cuts across almost every political, ideological and sectarian bond in the region and once again makes the old slogan of Arab unity ring hollow.

Iraq is ruled by the revolutionary Baath Party. So is Syria. Yet they are on opposite sides. The overwhelming majority of Syrian and Libyan Arabs are Sunni Muslims. Yet they are allied with the Shi'ite Persians of Iran, whom devout Sunnis consider schismatics. Revolutionary Iraq is fighting its war against Iran with Soviet rifles, tanks, planes and missiles. Its new ally, the ultraconservative monarchy of Saudi Arabia, defends itself against Iran's U.S.-made Phantom jets with the latest American equipment. As Iran chants its hatred of "the Great Satan America," its armed forces are surprising the world, thanks largely to the huge stockpiles of U.S. arms laid away by the late Shah and the skills of U.S.-trained Iranian pilots.

Iranian militiamen undergoing training in the oil-rich province of Khuzistan

The conflict might remain in quarantine, or it could suddenly expand.

There is piquant historical irony in the burgeoning partnership between Iraqi Strongman Saddam Hussein and Jordan's King Hussein. The King's cousin, King Faisal II of Iraq, was slaughtered by the Iraqi military in 1958. Hafez Assad's Syria has negotiated a phony "merger" with Muammar Gaddafi's Libya, even though Gaddafi until recently was suspected of financing the Muslim Brotherhood in Syria, an underground organization dedicated to the assassination of Assad's fellow Alawites, members of a minority Muslim sect that controls the Damascus regime, and in 1976 Gaddafi sent his guerrillas into Lebanon to fight alongside Palestinians against the Syrian army.

The common denominator of all these unholy alliances is the old Arabic proverb, "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." The Saudi princes fear Khomeini's anti-monarchist Islamic revolution, so they side with Saddam Hussein. Saddam Hussein wants to succeed the Shah as the principal power in the gulf, so he seeks to destroy what is left of the Shah's military machine and ingratiate himself with the conservative gulf states, who then might accept Iraqi hegemony. Syria's Assad feels threatened by Iraq so he allies himself with Iraq's enemy, Iran. Assad strings Gaddafi along on the mostly rhetorical "merger" because Libya has a huge supply of Soviet arms that Syria may need to supplement its own in case of war with Iraq—and also because Gaddafi, in exchange for Syrian cooperation in the merger charade, has pulled back help from Assad's other enemies.

Perhaps most convoluted are the motivations of Jordan's King Hussein. He too fears the contagion of Khomeini's revolution, particularly if it were to spread to Iraq, which has a Shi'ite majority and is on Jordan's own borders. Also, there is some

Pipelines with oil from Iran's refineries burn fiercely near the highway between Abadan and Ahwaz after being hit by Iraqi rockets and shells

evidence that Hussein wants to re-establish himself as a spokesman for the Palestinian residents of the Israeli-occupied West Bank, which was ruled by Jordan until the 1967 Middle East war. Hussein bitterly recalls how other Arab leaders humiliated him at the 1974 Rabat summit by designating the Palestine Liberation Organization as the sole representative of the Palestinian people. Although he dare not challenge the P.L.O. directly, the King would like to play a major part in some future round of peace negotiations. That means regaining the good will and, if possible, the gratitude of other key Arab leaders, notably the Saudis, the gulf sheiks and the region's self-proclaimed new protector, Saddam Hussein of Iraq.

Houses destroyed by Iraqi artillery fire near Dezful, Iran

A war of attrition overshadowed by diplomatic maneuverings.

Says Amos Perlmutter, an Israeli expert at Washington's American University, who has served as an occasional adviser to Ronald Reagan's presidential campaign: "The King has made a big difference. He has made it possible for Saddam Hussein to create a new Middle East axis of Iraq–Saudi Arabia–Jordan to replace the old axis of Iran–Saudi Arabia–Egypt. That old one fell apart when the Shah collapsed and Anwar Sadat isolated himself by signing the Camp David treaty. That left a vacuum, which Saddam Hussein, with a lot of help from King Hussein, is now trying to fill."

For all the participants, and for many of the bystanders as well, this welter of perishable alliances and far more durable antagonisms is fraught with risks. King Hussein has complicated his already strained relations with the various Palestinian guerrilla organizations by siding with Iraq against Iran. The Palestinian groups saw the late Shah as their own enemy because he maintained relations with, and supplied oil to Israel; they back Khomeini because he cut off the oil shipments to Israel and turned the official Israeli mission building in Tehran over to the P.L.O.

King Hussein has been providing the Iraqis with more than just moral support and an overland resupply route from the Jordanian port of Aqaba on the Red Sea. TIME has learned that he has also secretly sent antiaircraft weapons to Iraq to help against the Iranian air force.

That makes the Israelis all the more nervous, since those weapons could be used against their own air force in a new, wider Middle East war. For tactical reasons, Saddam Hussein has softened his rhetoric when talking to conservative fellow Arabs, but he has not significantly muted his denunciations of Zionism. Israel fears that Iraq's new French-built nuclear research center may eventually produce an atomic bomb. Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin told the London Sunday *Telegraph* that Jordanian-Iraqi military cooperation "is very serious to us." Such warnings have heightened worries in the West that Israel could feel compelled to launch a pre-emptive strike against Iraq if Iraq emerges from this war too cocky and powerful.

Saddam Hussein, however, is in no position to dominate the gulf until he wins the war. The Iraqis expected a quick victory when they launched their surprise attack on Iran nearly a month ago. Saddam Hussein had hoped that the Khomeini regime would crumble under the first attacks. Now he needs to turn the stalemate into a clear-cut victory, or at least to extricate himself with some face-saving diplomatic fallback. Otherwise, Iraq's strongman runs the risk of falling victim to the same kind of coup that he engineered against a number of his former comrades and superiors in the on-again, off-again bloodbath of Iraqi politics.

Makeshift trench shelters in Abadan

For the superpowers, too, the burst of activity on the battlefields, in the back alleys and in the chancelleries of the Middle East represents at least as many risks as opportunities. The Soviet Union's principal move was to sign a 20-year friendship treaty with Syria two weeks ago. Israeli officials, TIME has learned, believe that the pact includes a secret annex granting the U.S.S.R. naval facilities at the Syrian port of Latakia, airbases manned by Soviet personnel, and depots for storing war matériel. If this intelligence is correct, the Soviets may have added a pawn or two to their side of the board in the chess game they are playing with the U.S. in the area. The U.S. earlier this year negotiated agreements for access to military facilities in Kenya, Somalia and Oman; it also has close ties with Egypt and is building up its Indian Ocean fleet. That network is intended to counter the Soviet military presence in Afghanistan, Ethiopia and South Yemen. Now U.S. military planners may have to reckon with Moscow's closer Syrian connection as well.

But that relationship is still not as strong or as binding as Syria's Assad would have liked. Some Arab diplomats said they expected Assad to come home from Moscow with a "super treaty" obligating the U.S.S.R. to provide Syria with unlimited military aid and perhaps even to intervene on Syria's behalf in a Middle East war. But the Soviets refused to commit themselves that far. By limiting their obligations to Syria, they hoped to minimize the fear and resentment the pact has inevitably evoked in Jordan and Iraq.

In addition, the Soviets recognize that as long as Assad is politically isolated among his neighbors and vulnerable to internal opposition, the survival of his regime is not a sure thing. Nor, for that matter, is the survival of Saddam Hussein in Iraq or the Ayatullah Khomeini in Iran. Either or both leaders could still be swept away by the war they are now waging. Saddam Hussein has gradually distanced himself from the Soviet Union, even though Iraq has a friendship treaty with Moscow very similar to the one Syria just signed. Another cause of friction: Saddam Hussein has also been cracking down on pro-Moscow Communists inside Iraq. "To say that an Iraqi victory would be a Soviet victory is nonsense," says Arabist James

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Akins, a former U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia. "Saddam Hussein is No. 1 on the Soviet hit list."

But the fact remains that the Soviet Union is still No. 1 on Saddam Hussein's military shopping list. Iraqi reliance on Soviet arms gives Moscow a certain amount of influence on Baghdad, no matter how vigorously Saddam Hussein asserts his independence.

Any military equipment reaching Iraq arrives first at the Jordanian Red Sea port of Aqaba. TIME's Robert Slater last week took a helicopter tour of the area and saw dramatic evidence of that resupply in action: "Normally Aqaba is a sleepy port town, one that has always lagged far behind the nearby Israeli resort of Eilat in tourist traffic as well as commerce. Now Aqaba's harbor is bristling with vessels ready to off-load war supplies. They are lined up like runners crowded together waiting to begin a cross-country race." The Soviets are apparently providing Iraq with spare parts, food and ammunition diverted from South Yemen and Ethiopia. U.S. intelligence sources, however, were satisfied that so far there have been no Soviet shipments of lethal heavy weaponry —tanks, missiles and the like—to Iraq.

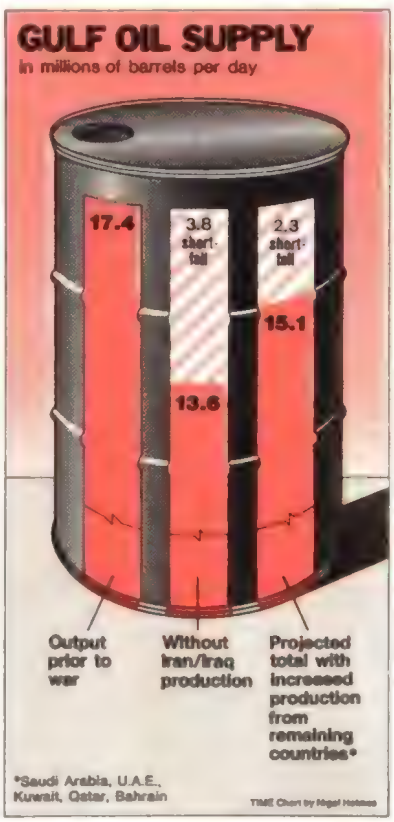
Iraqi troops guard a group of Iranian prisoners near Abadan

No evidence of waning enthusiasm for combat.

As for Iran, the Soviets would almost certainly like to replace the U.S. as the arms supplier to the Tehran government. There is also the possibility that Iran could simply disintegrate into chaos. The Soviets would clearly be pleased to pick up some of the pieces as long as they could do so without risking a major confrontation with the U.S. Nonetheless, U.S. intelligence has uncovered no evidence that the Soviets are directly fanning the fighting on the Iranian side by infiltrating arms. The Kremlin, in short, seems to be behaving like a well-heeled but very cautious, very patient gambler—placing bets all over the table, but only ones that it can afford to lose.

The U.S., by contrast, has the look and the moves if not of a loser, then at least of a player on the defensive. U.S. policy in the region has not recovered from the back-to-back traumas of American helplessness during the fall of the Shah, then the humiliation of the hostages' captivity. What Carter himself has called his "obsession" with releasing the hostages is understandable in human as well as political terms, and it partly explains why there are so few bold, long-range plans coming out of his Administration at the moment. Last week's spate of rumors about possibly trading spare parts for hostages only deepened the widespread impression that policymakers were reacting to the Iraq-Iran war as though it were essentially a new wrinkle in the old and maddening problem of how to deal with Khomeini.

Even though the U.S. has diversified its political and military stake in the region by virtue of its close ties with Egypt, Israel and Oman, it is at an overall disadvantage vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. For one thing, the U.S. has virtually no influence of its own on the immediate combatants, Iran and Iraq. It has practically none on Iran's principal allies, Libya and Syria, and little on one of Iraq's allies, Jordan. The third major member of the new grouping centered on Iraq is Saudi Arabia. There the U.S. still has considerable influence. But it also has a huge investment that is none too secure, given the internal opposition that shook the House of Saud during the siege of the Sacred Mosque in Mecca last year.



In the short term, Administration officials see the Iraq-Iran war producing one possible benefit: greater Saudi willingness to accept an American military presence in the area, perhaps on Saudi soil. But in the longer term such a presence could tie the U.S. to a regime that some area experts believe could eventually go the way of the Peacock Throne in Iran.

Even if that event dreaded by American policymakers never comes to pass, the U.S. may find its room to maneuver in the gulf greatly limited by the traditional pro-Israel basis of its Middle East policy. Says William Quandt of the Brookings Institution, a Middle East expert who was formerly on the staff of the National Security Council: "The Saudis have got to have something to show for drawing closer to us, something that reduces the embarrassment of cooperating with Israel's greatest backer. Besides, even the most sympathetic Arabs are beginning to ask themselves, 'What kind of superpower can't even prevent a lousy settlement [on the West Bank] that's against American policy and paid for with American dollars? Can we trust such a superpower to deliver when it tells us it's going to protect the Persian Gulf?' "

Sadly enough, the Camp David talks on Palestinian autonomy have all but ground to a halt, at least for the moment. Egyptian and Israeli negotiators met in Washington last week with President Carter's special Middle East envoy, Sol Linowitz. U.S. officials were pleased when the Israelis for the first time proposed that Arab residents of the West Bank and Gaza Strip play a role in deciding questions of land use. But on the major sticking points, like the nature of a Palestinian governing authority for the West Bank and its relationship to Israeli security forces, none of the parties are expecting progress until the expected summit involving Carter, Begin and Sadat, and that will not take place until January at the earliest.

Thus the U.S. may find itself squeezed once again by the linkage between the issues of the Arab-Israeli dispute and gulf security. For all the evanescence of past alignments and realignments in the Middle East, the region has also been cursed with one geopolitical constant: more than 30 years of hostility between Arabs and Israelis. If the Iraq-Iran war, which pits Arabs against Persians and Arabs against Arabs, should continue to flare, then the area will have not one but two intractable, explosive conflicts. That is two more than the Middle East, or the world, can afford. *—By Strobe Talbott. Reported by Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington and Wilton Wynn/Beirut*

Trying to Tighten the Noose

Iran softens on the hostages and Iraq's war machine inches on

"The entire world must know that Saddam's army has acted without mercy, without pity, like Hitler's army." With that fuming condemnation of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, Iran's Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i opened a diplomatic front in the Persian Gulf war last week by taking his country's case to the United Nations. Addressing a session of the Security Council, Raja'i charged that "the cruel and despotic regime of Iraq" has bombed schools and hospitals in "its killing of innocent people."

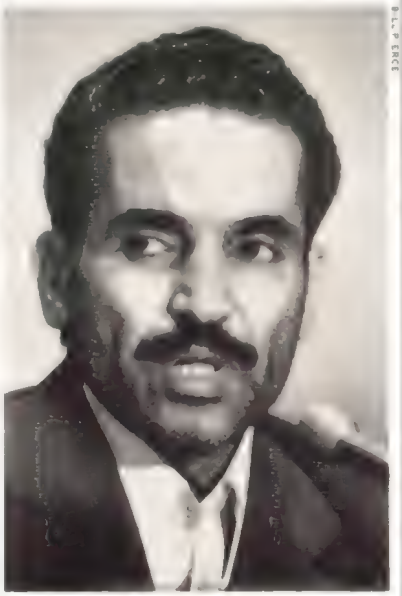
Raja'i, 47, a former math teacher who became a leading member of the ruling clergy-dominated Islamic Republic Party, was the first ranking Iranian leader to set foot in the U.S. since the seizure of the U.S. embassy in Tehran last year. His diplomacy took a tantalizing turn Saturday, when he told reporters that a decision on the 52 American hostages was "not far away" —thus implying that a release was at least possible before the Nov. 4 elections, with all the impact that such a move would have on the outcome. Iran's demand that the U.S. apologize for supporting the late Shah, he said, had already been met "in practice." He added: "All it needs is probably to put something on paper." Raja'i was even more conciliatory when he spoke of the hostages' families. "I know how they suffer," he said. "When a person is kept against his will in a foreign country, the grief is much harder."

At the same time, Raja'i hinted that the U.S. Government might have to meet certain conditions to free the hostages. U.S. radar planes in Saudi Arabia, warships in the Persian Gulf and military aid to Jordan, he said, were "obstacles to a solution." This was a marked softening of his remarks the day before, when he accused Washington of using the radar planes to gather intelligence for Iraq.

While placatory on the hostages, Raja'i dismissed any possibility of a cease-fire in the war, repeating Iran's warning that it would not consider any cessation of hostilities so long as Iraqi troops remained on its soil. Still, his appearance at the U.N. could mean that Iran is finally edging out of its diplomatic shell. Some military and diplomatic observers speculated that, for all its fierce military resistance, Iran might finally be beginning to hurt on the battlefield.

On the battlefronts, however, there was no evidence of waning enthusiasm. The initial assumption of many Western intelligence experts that the war would run out of steam within two or three weeks was being reappraised. Military analysts noted that neither side had yet committed all its weaponry and military resources. The bellicosity of both antagonists, along with an absence of common negotiating ground, now suggested that the war could drag on for months. Said a senior British diplomat: "Iraq can't bring Iran to its knees, and Iran won't negotiate under duress. That's the dilemma."

Iraqi forces inched forward in their effort to capture and isolate the Iranian province of Khuzistan, but the Iranians continued to stave off the Iraqis' superior firepower. As in the past, the Iraqis churned out premature claims of victory. But at week's end, Iranian Revolutionary Guards and military regulars were still repulsing Iraqi assaults aimed at capturing Dezful's oil-pumping station. To the south, 80 miles away at Ahwaz, Iranian artillery fire was keeping Iraqi troops on the outskirts of the provincial capital.



Iran's Prime Minister Raja'i

Tantalizing talk of release.

Though a breakthrough continued to elude them, Iraqi forces were tightening a noose around the ports of Khorramshahr and Abadan on the bank of the Shatt al Arab waterway. Buttressed by batteries of 130-mm artillery, an estimated 9,000 Iraqi infantrymen, using three pontoon bridges, succeeded in crossing the Karun River. Their military command declared it "Iraq's largest amphibious assault ever." From that bridgehead Iraqi tanks fanned southward to surround both Khorramshahr and Abadan. The Iranians charged that the Iraqis bombarded both cities with artillery and with surface-to-surface missiles. Eyewitnesses said the carnage among civilians and the damage to both cities was "appalling."

The Iraqi artillery barrages were primarily designed to drive out the civilian defenders who have backed up the Iranian armed forces with guerrilla operations. The bombardment, in fact, set off a mass exodus from the Khorramshahr-Abadan area. More than 300,000 people sought refuge in the small town of Shadegan, 20 miles to the northeast. Late in the week, Iraqi forces captured Abadan's radio station, which is almost two miles outside the city, but it was not immediately clear whether the Iraqis would choose to lay a prolonged siege around the burning city and thus spare themselves infantry casualties, or assault it directly. Iranian militiamen and Revolutionary Guards had dug trenches and barricaded buildings throughout Abadan in preparation for house-to-house combat. Proclaimed an Iranian military official: "At Khorramshahr and Abadan, Saddam Hussein is bleeding himself to death. Saddam will find out that he has wasted his armed forces on a mad gamble."

One of the strangest aspects of the war was the failure of either side to issue comprehensive casualty figures. But foreign observers judged the toll to be large. With most Iranian attacks aimed at military and industrial targets, civilian deaths in Iraq were probably lower than those in Iran, where Iraqi planes and artillery have indiscriminately bombarded residential areas. Tehran claimed that more than 130 schoolchildren were killed by Iraqi bombs in Kermanshah.

Iran's only offensive action was in the air. After a mysterious lapse of ten days, Iranian Phantom fighter-bombers struck industrial targets and oil installations deep inside Iraq. American-trained Iranian pilots seemed to be particularly adept at evading the Soviet-supplied surface-to-air missiles (SAMs). One successful U.S.-taught tactic: diving straight toward the oncoming missile, then veering off at the last instant.

There is some evidence that the Iranians may be receiving more spare parts for their equipment than the Iraqis. Iraq's airfields have remained closed to both civilian and military traffic, but Iran has managed to keep several of its airbases operating, including one at Tehran. The air shuttle between Tripoli and Tehran that Libya had organized to help resupply Iran appeared to have ended. The Iranians instead were continuing to use Chinese airspace to bring supplies from North Korea. To pick up necessary parts for their American-built planes and equipment, Iranian procurement agents were scouring the Far East for U.S. surplus items left over from the Viet Nam War. It was yet another bizarre touch in the twisted international texture of a strange and ominous conflict. —***By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by William Drozdiak/Bahrain and William Stewart/Basra***

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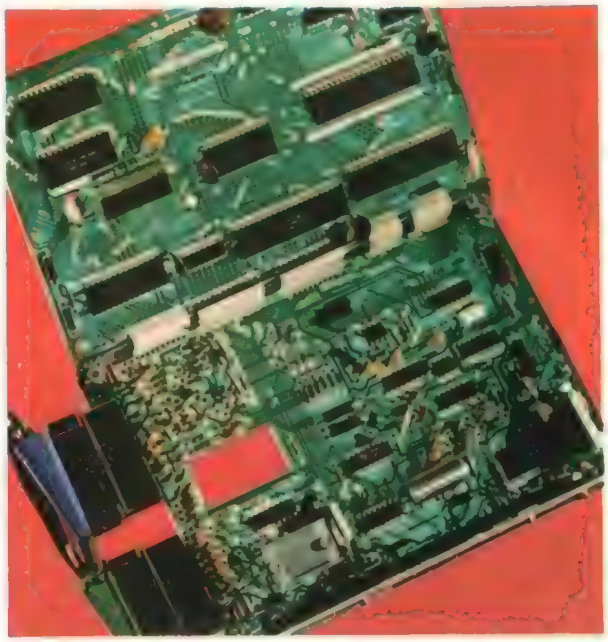

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Baghdad: Idle Time and Air Raids

The conflict brings intermittent tension, but little hardship

A city dominated by drab architecture and numerous construction projects, Baghdad these days bears no resemblance to the legendary home of Harun al Rashid and A Thousand and One Nights. *Although the battlefronts along the Shatt al Arab are more than 300 miles away, Iranian aircraft have brought the war to the Iraqi capital with repeated bombing raids against military and industrial targets.* TIME *Middle East Bureau Chief William Stewart and Correspondent Adam Zagorin report on the mood of the city:*

The prevailing joke in Baghdad is that the city must be the only one in the world where the sirens do not start to wail until after the air raid is over. Strictly speaking, that may not be true, but since there is no difference between the alert and the all clear, there is room for confusion. Iranian Phantoms have put on a dazzling display of technical skill, swooping in over Baghdad at treetop level to avoid radar detection, dropping their bombs and high-tailing it back to Iran before the Iraqis realize what has happened.

So far, few bombs appear to have been dropped on Baghdad proper. The raids have been contained for the most part to the French-built nuclear energy facility just outside the city and industrial targets in the suburbs. One direct hit, in particular, on petroleum storage tanks next to a power station, caused a huge fire that turned Baghdad's blackout into a stage setting for *Götterdämmerung*. The minarets and distinctive egg-shaped domes of the city's mosques were silhouetted against a sky that glowed deep crimson all night long.

Traffic police and soldiers carrying machine guns throughout the city nervously clear the streets when the sirens begin to wail and pedestrians crowd into underground shelters. Many of the concrete shelters are new or still under construction; they contain no food but often have water storage tanks. The atmosphere in air raid shelters is frequently relaxed even if, as one Iraqi insisted, the shelters are considered essential not only as protection against Iran "but especially against Israel, which might attack us at any minute."

The sense that Baghdad is a city at war is most acute at night, when the blackout is strictly enforced. Glimmers of candlelight escaping through a slit in the curtains can arouse outpourings of official ire. Customers in a restaurant one evening heard an explosion overhead. Waiters nervously scurried to put out candles and lanterns. When the patrons went outside to find out what had happened, there were no planes to be seen. As the diners went back inside to resume their meal, the unanimous conclusion was that it was not an Iranian raid at all, but a sonic boom caused by an Iraqi MiG breaking the sound barrier.

Apart from the intermittent tension caused by Iranian bombing forays, the mood in Baghdad is little different from that of prewar days. "We are not afraid of the Iranians or anything they might do to us," said the owner of a small shop in the Baghdad souk, or marketplace. His remark reflects not so much bravado as the fact that there have been few Iranian bombing raids in which civilians have been hit. Even in the famed Shi'ite Muslim Al Kadhimain mosque, where posters of Ayatullah Khomeini once hung during religious festivals, there is little evidence of special security precautions. Strongman Saddam Hussein's government, dominated by Sunni Muslims, is apparently confident that the Iranians will not be able to spark uprisings among their Shi'ite Muslim brethren in Iraq, who make up more than half the population.

For many people, the war has brought unemployment and a surfeit of idle time. Most schools have been closed, and children are playing in the streets. Many construction projects and factories have been shut down, and men have been mobilized for the front. The Daura oil refinery on the outskirts of Baghdad, a potential target of Iranian fighters, has been closed down as a safety precaution. Along the palm-lined avenues, men sit in cafés and restaurants much of the day, sipping tea and exchanging the latest rumors about the war. Although gasoline is scarce, there appear to be no other shortages. Says the wife of a foreign businessman: "I go to the market now and find more of everything. I guess the government must have saved up food and released it when the fighting started."

Iraqis are not reticent about discussing the war, but in a country where informers and government surveillance are everywhere, it is unrealistic to expect honest opinions. Said a book salesman in the souk: "Oh, I'll tell you straightaway that we support the war 100%. Our nation is united against the Persian aggressors. They took our land, and now we will take their lives." The merchant looked up at one of the omnipresent portraits of Saddam Hussein on the wall and handed his visitor a stack of propaganda from the ruling Baath Party. Said he with a smile: "If you want to know what the Iraqi people think of the war, just read this."

A Baghdad resident, who lost his home in an Iranian air raid, sadly surveys bombed-out rubble

To press the struggle against the "racist Persians," analogies reaching deep into history.

The regime has reached deep into history to adopt analogies for the current struggle with Iran. Government pronouncements constantly refer to the Iranians as "racist Persians." The victory of the Arabs over the Persians at Qadasiya in the 7th century is trumpeted at every turn. Radio and television keep up a drumbeat of patriotic poems set to martial music. The propaganda has had some impact. Many Baghdadis feel that their country is not only waging a war against a traditional enemy that gained control of the Shatt al Arab waterway by exploiting Iraqi weakness, but spearheading a patriotic, nationalist cause for the entire Arab world. ■

IF YOU DON'T ALL THE BLAME ON WASHINGTON.

It's easy for people to blame Washington for the policies and programs that cause inflation. And not entirely without reason.

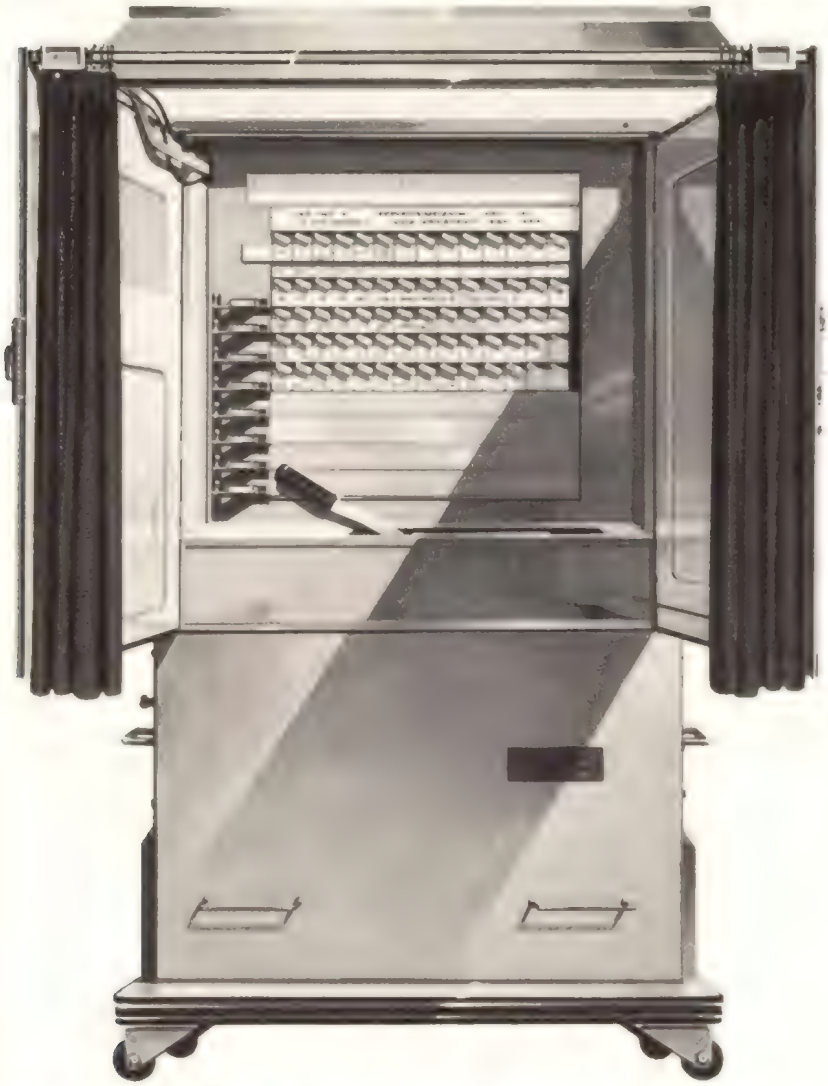
But Washington's policies are the product of our elected representatives, who are, in turn, the product of your vote.

That's why, in a very real sense, that vote will be critical in determining the economic course our country will follow in the next crucial years.

If you want congressmen, senators, and a president committed to effective anti-inflationary efforts—efforts to balance the budget, increase productivity, eliminate unnecessary regulation, create responsible monetary policy—then study the issues, know the candidates' positions, and vote accordingly.

Since we, the people in life insurance, are so closely linked with the financial security of millions of Americans and since inflation is straining every individual, institution and business in our society, we urge you not to miss this opportunity to make your will known. Especially since it will be

VOTE, DON'T PUT FOR INFLATION



several years before you can again exercise the power of your vote on a national scale.

A lot can happen in that time. Make it happen for the better. VOTE.

Inflation. Let's Self-Control It.

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Represented by the American Council of Life Insurance.

Tehran: Clean Air and Less Fuel

Life is uncomfortable, but in the fervor of war few complain

The most visible sign of how the war has affected the Iranian capital of Tehran is the disappearance of the maddening, noxious traffic jams that once clogged the city from dawn to dusk. As a result of gasoline rationing and restrictions on privately owned cars, taxis and buses travel at speeds previously unimaginable. Said Abbas Tavakkol, 38, a taxi driver: "It's wonderful. I wish gasoline rationing and the ban on private driving remain in force forever." Retorted his passenger, an elderly man pressing an attaché case against his breast: "It is a good thing God does not grant taxi drivers' wishes." The shortage of fuel has made life uncomfortable for Tehran's 7 million people, but in the fervor of the war between "Islam and paganism," there are few complaints. An Iranian journalist sent the following report to TIME:

"We breathe cleaner air," quipped Ahmad Hozzar, a Tehran grocer, when asked how the war had changed his life. "The war taught me I was not as helpless as I thought," said Hassan Torabi, the owner of a tea shop. "I never thought I could still ride a bicycle until I tried it two weeks ago. I had to—after 23 years." Because of rationing, Torabi has temporarily stopped using his car, a locally assembled Peykan. Every motorist is entitled to 30 liters of gasoline a month, but getting the ration involves several hours in line at filling stations. Even then, private driving is prohibited from 6:30 a.m. until 2 p.m. Driving during the nightly blackout is legal but dangerous. Motorists may not turn on their headlights unless the lights are painted deep blue. Some owners have covered their lights with blue carbon paper. The sight is eerie, and the chances of collision high.

Tehran has suffered only infrequent, light air raids by Iraqi planes. When the sirens go off, people on the street carry on as if nothing has happened. Nobody dives for cover: they just look up into the sky, hoping to see a dogfight, even though the state radio and television constantly remind Tehran residents that they should take the air raid signals seriously. Most people have covered the window panes of their homes or apartments with thick black paper or tin foil, in order to keep the lights on during the blackout. The reason is not so much the fear of air strikes as the noisy urging of young people and children who act as self-appointed civil defense wardens. The briefest glimpse of light from a window starts a chorus of "Turn it off" from a dozen directions.

At the outset of the war, there was some panic hoarding of bread and other staples, mostly in the well-to-do northern sections of the city. There is no shortage of basic foodstuffs. Shops and supermarkets are well stocked with both Iranian and imported food. Kerosene, the principal cooking and heating fuel, is rationed: 20 liters a week for each family. The government has ordered a halt to the supply of fuel oil to private consumers until further notice. Anticipating a cold winter, people have been buying electric heaters, which are now in short supply. "If the worst fears come true, we shall walk around the house fully dressed," says a telephone company repairman.

Even while the war rages, Iran's Shi'ite Muslim mullahs pursue their campaign against the earthly pleasures of drinking, dancing and dating. Tehran has had no public night life since the Islamic revolution ousted the late Shah; the blackout has now put an end to private parties as well. "We have all become disgustingly healthy," says a university professor who misses the good old days. "I still cannot believe I have become an early riser." At the "Department for the Enforcement of Prohibitions," where officials keep barrels of half-fermented grapes confiscated from amateur winemakers, the war is used as an excuse to lecture offenders. "Your brothers are dying for Islam and Iran and you indulge in illicit pleasures?" an investigator lectured a bootlegger. Another accused drinker tried to convince his captors, to little avail, that his confiscated home brew was vinegar, not wine. "I have been selling homemade vinegar for years," he implored. "Ask my neighbors. Take a taste."

Workers in Tehran stop and admire a patriotic mural portraying a scene of the war in Khuzistan

"If out of a group of ten, nine of us fall, the last one will still fight to the death"

Now more than ever, Tehran is a city of rumors. One story has it that the son of the Shah is planning a military-led coup on his birthday, Oct. 31. The Tehran Security Command has asked people to report "counterrevolutionary activities, including rumor making." There are plenty of Islamic zealots willing to oblige, and last week 40 "rumormongers" were arrested. Unlike the Iraqis, whose propaganda stresses the historic enmity of Arab and Persian, the Iranians carefully distinguish between the people and the government of Iraq. Tehranians reflect this distinction in talking about the war. Says Ali Ehtesham, a schoolteacher: "Saddam Hussein wants our two Muslim nations to destroy each other so that Israeli usurpers may feel safer in this region."

Martyrs who have fallen in the war against Iraqi "heathens" are given elaborate funerals, and the people rejoice in stories of Iranian heroism. One of them involves a member of the Islamic Revolutionary Guards who preferred to die rather than comply with his Iraqi captors' order to "insult Khomeini." A militiaman last week told a group of fascinated listeners how the Iraqis had fled from the fanatical charges of his unit. "If out of a group of ten, nine of us fall, the last one will still fight to death," the militiaman boasted. "When a single Iraqi soldier falls, his entire company flees." The story would be told again and again in Tehran, embellished and emboldened as it passed from mouth to mouth. ■

A Great American Invention
SUPERMARKETING'S
50TH ANNIVERSARY
50
It was necessity that mothered the "invention" of the supermarket. In 1930, amid the gloom and fear of the Depression, an abandoned garage was converted into a "warehouse grocery." Many consider this the birth of the supermarket.
Fifty years later, the child has become one of the nation's major industries—an almost $200 billion dollar in-sales-per-year giant—and a symbol of American strength, vigor and resiliency. Over the five decades of its lifespan, probably no other institution has been so accurate a mirror of the trauma and triumph of American life. Whether the times changed the supermarket or supermarket changed the times is a moot question. What is evident is that a stroll through the industry's fifty years of progress provides a fascinating glimpse into the factors and forces that have shaped this country in the past half century.
ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

CONSIDER THIS SMALL MIRACLE.

SOMEONE PLANTS a seed, knowing the time is right. The rest must be left to good fortune and the elements. Many years later, with care and knowledge, there will be a season of harvest. The miracle of growth has been occurring for millions of years, but it still remains a miracle.

This simple process has linked man to the earth since the beginning of their time together. And it is also a process we have been intimately involved with for over eighty years.

Our understanding of growth has made our name the standard of quality in millions of homes throughout the world. It is our goal to continue to understand the food needs of our age, and respond to them.

Del Monte

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

FIFTY YEARS OF SUPERMARKETING

1930–1980

Down the Aisles of Americana; a Cart Full of Memories

History, according to deMaupassant, is an excited and deceitful old women. Not so the lady who tells the tales and keeps the scrapbook of supermarketing. More exciting than excited, she's worn well with the years and, at fifty, is even more glamorous than at twenty or thirty; possibly a factor of her health and beauty aids departments. And while she has courted several generations of America, even her jealous detractors will concede she has never a deceiver been. That's because the history of supermarketing has been written on—and is responsive to—the pages of reality.

In the 1930's, the soda pop sparkle of the American spirit had gone flat. The exuberance of the Roaring Twenties—refrigerators, radios and Model Ts for everyone!—and more than 26 million automobiles on the roads by the end of the decade—all this fizzled in the economic and psychological shock of the Depression. In 1930, unemployment went from 1.5 million to 7 million. By 1932, 13 million were jobless and this didn't include the farmers who had lost their land to the scythe of the mortgage or the grim reaper of flood and drought. One third of the nation's work force knew the futility of pounding the pavements. Breadwinners who had worked hard all their lives swallowed their pride and stood shoulder to shoulder in bread lines. Even with sugar at two pounds for a dime, the nation was taking some bitter medicine; hard times had come to America.

With such modest claims as being "The World's Greatest Price Wrecker," a new form of food retailing threw down the gauntlet to hard times. In 1930, in what had been an abandoned garage, Michael Cullen opened a "warehouse grocery" in Long Island.

Pennsylvania, 1933: The sign is a shortened version of "The Giant Quality Food Price Cutter."

The supermarket was born. Actually, all the elements were there to spark a new industry; grocers had already experimented with self-service, cash-and-carry, one-stop shopping, free parking. And non-food items already had appeared on the shelves.

Nourished by the fact that "Tomatoes are Cheaper"—and needed to be—and with empty garages, warehouses, factories and theaters waiting with open aisles—the supermarket began its love affair with the shopper. Cullen's plan, which had been rejected by the grocery chain for which he had worked, called for a merchandising innovation: sell 300 items at cost, 200 at plus 5%, 300 at plus 15%, and 300 at plus 20%. Also into the equation, he added low-rent location, night, hours, self service and brash advertising.

And the race was on. In New Jersey, a new supermarket opened in a former Buick factory, drew customers by the tens of thousands. In Chicago, Saturdays would see 10,000 shoppers swarming through one supermarket's 72,000-square-foot ground floor, in what had been a paper bag factory. Here, six parking lots has space for 1,000 cars. Radio programs were broadcast throughout the store. (And radio was a big factor in building national brand preference). This Chicago operation racked up annual sales of $2.5 million—but not everyone was happy. Deriding the supermarkets as "cheapies" and calling them a temporary phenomenon, the more traditional grocers counter-attacked. Manufacturers were asked to boycott supermarkets, attempts were made to muzzle their flamboyant advertising, night openings were called unfair. But all to no avail. The new idea was intrenched, the shopping cart was invented, cellophane improved self-service packaging—and the public was happy.

First Shopping Cart, patented in 1930, displayed this summer at The Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology.

By 1937, the established grocery firms all began building supermarkets. As TIME reported, a pioneer supermarket "continued to prosper just as other supermarkets have prospered despite attack."

By January of 1940, there were over 6,000 supermarkets in operation from coast to coast. The jitterbug was infesting the land but penicillin was on the way. In Yankee Stadium, Joe DiMaggio was re-writing the record book while Jackie Robinson was assaulting a racial barrier. The economy was taking off again as the nation became, as FDR had predicted, "an arsenal for democrocy." Things were flying high—which probably explains why so many Americans were seeing flying saucers. And then, bang. On a Sunday morning in December of 1941, the nation awakened to find itself at war. For half the decade, the home fires were stoked as the household became the homefront. Ration-

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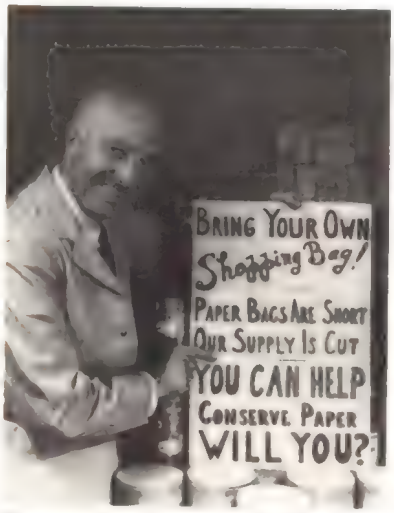
ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

FIFTY YEARS OF SUPERMARKETING

1930–1980

ing, price ceilings, Victory gardens emerged—and the American woman went to work as never before, filling the empty slots for their men who had swapped zoot suits for government issue. It ended with a mushroom cloud, a horrible price tag in human life, and a peacetime economy pent up and ready to explode.

By the time Americans had learned that Pearl Harbor was not an exotic center of the jewelry trade, the "modern" supermarket was a fait accompli. Equipment and packaging advances extended the self-service concept to the dairy, meat and produce sections; interior designers were erasing the "warehouse" look.



Supermarkets ask for public help when wartime makes paper scarce.

Like the rest of the nation, the supermarkets rolled up their sleeves and converted to a wartime economy. They collected ration stamps, sold War Bonds, promoted scrap drives and recycling, created menus using "no point" foods that were more readily available. Most significant was the fact that the sleeve rolled up bared the female muscle. By 1945 the personnel involved in food retailing—checkers, department heads, managers, butchers, bakers and warehouse "men"—were women.

The Fifties were fabulous and frenetic. Not even the Korean conflict muted the up-scale tempo of the times. Even the sound was new, a thing called Rock 'n Roll. During this era, the first U.S. satellite was launched and the forty-eight States became fifty. The nation underwent an economic, social and demographic revolution. There were bumper crops of babies buildings, and auto bumpers. In this decade, the population zoomed by 19%—to 180 million. Housing developments sprung up like weeds and the suburbs were born. Auto registrations increased by some 55% and Detroit let it all hang out. The family buggy now had automatic, radio, an abundance of chrome, two-tone paint—and tail fins. Government spending on education doubled to a then astronomical $1.1 billion. And the tube went from a flicker to a fixture; where 8 thousand families had a TV set in '46, more than 46 million households could watch Uncle Miltie as the Fifties waned.

There were over 14,000 supermarkets in operation in 1950 but here, too, the boom was on. In 1951, according to "Colliers," supermarkets were opening at a rate of better than three a day. In '58, "Life" noted that supermarkets were more than filling "old demands at lower prices, they also create new demands, thereby creating new agriculture, new industry—and new living standards." And so they did during the bounce-back Fifties. Thanks to new products, they carried 2,000 to 3,000 more items than the pre-War models. Pre-packaged meat came into being. Produce appeared pre-packaged in plastic film. And in many supermarkets, the wraps came off as bakery departments emitted the aroma of fresh-baked goodies. Housewares emerged as a supermarket staple. And from Pacific to Atlantic, there was a new crossroad for the American lifestyle; a place in time called the shopping center in which the supermarket was usually the linchpin. Food retailing had undergone a transformation. At the start of the decade, the supermarket was handling 35% of America's food for home consumption. In ten years, 70% was the figure.

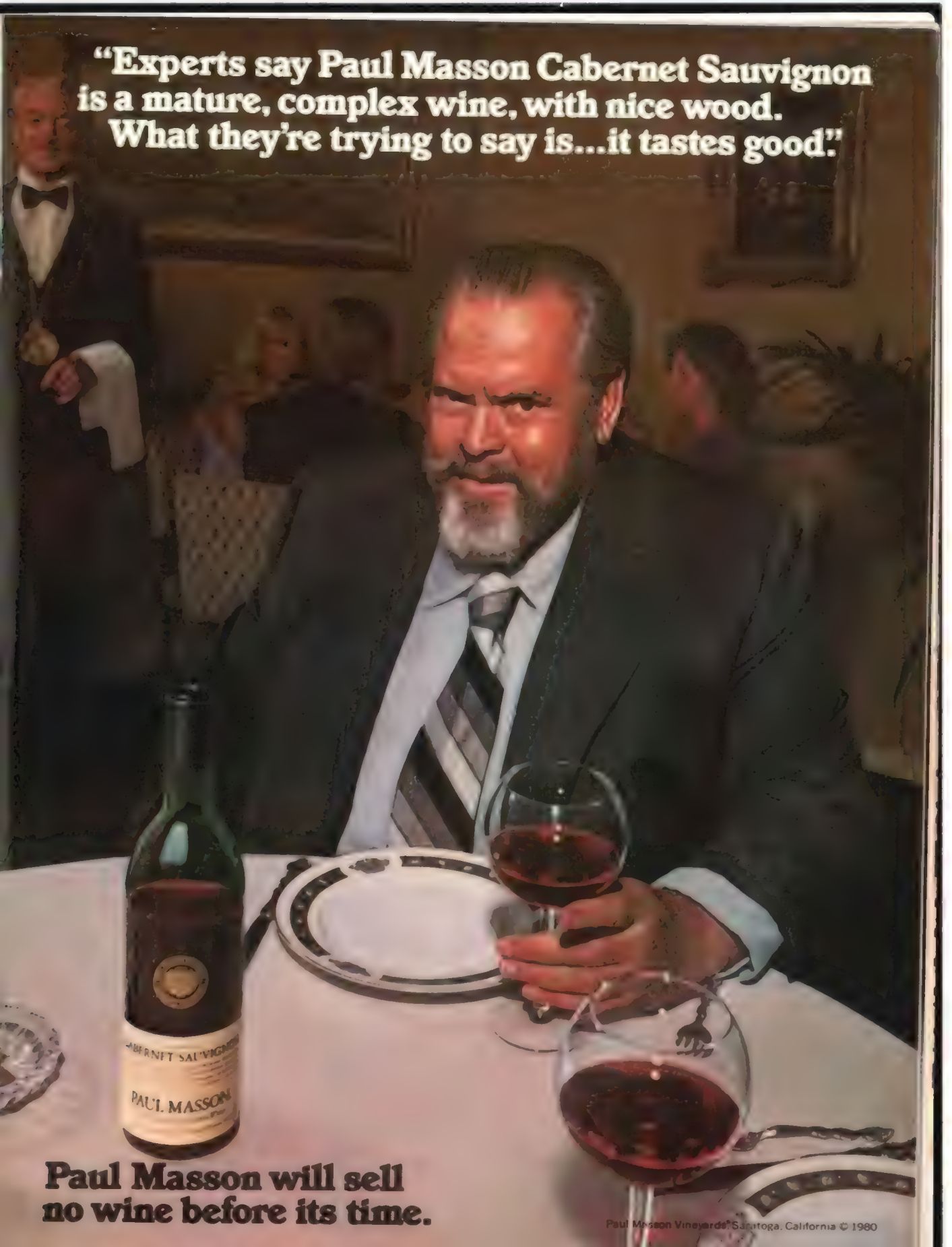
Came now the age of Aquarius, the tempestuous and often tortured Sixties when the American vision turned inward. The U-2 was shot down, skirts went higher, Camelot came to Washington. There was both victory and defeat; a King's dream brought magic to the Civil Rights movement, captains and kings fell to the bullets of assassins. The Beatles rocked the stage, Vietnam rocked America's assumptions about itself. The sun set on the Sixties with a walk on the moon, with consumer credit having more than doubled in the decade (from $56 to $127 billion), and with a pin called inflation ready to pop the balloon of economic self-satisfaction.

More than 33,000 supermarkets were in place in 1960. More new products poured into them; units took on the dimensions of football fields as they stocked up to 8,000 items. Shopping carts got larger, as did parking lots. The demand was there; the industry responded. The service deli became a popular feature. As inflation reared its ugly head, the industry found itself on the same side of the fence as the shopper. The answer; supermarkets entered a phase of intense competition to battle the price pinch. This brought about trading stamps, "discount centers" and even more important, the computer applied technology to trimming the fat in the food distribution process.

"What's in it for me?" was the national question of the Seventies. As the country hit its 200th birthday, a wave of nostalgia flooded the land—but the "me generation" wanted its own. Eighteen-year-olds won their place in the voting booth. A president broke down the Great Wall of China and was put to the wall by an outraged public and press. The economy ran out of gas and OPEC created lines at gas stations. By the end of the decade, Americans were in hock to the tune of more than $300 billion. The dollar fell while women stood up to be counted. A frustrated people used boycotts and the ballot box to express their displeasure. Consumerism was in full swing. Men now account for some 25% of supermarket purchases.

Along with the rest of the society, supermarkets took some body blows. Price controls put the industry between the rock of soaring wholesale prices—and the hard place of rigid controls. Some companies sold meat at a loss—to keep their customers. Some companies went under. And when the controls were lifted, the pent-up pressure of inflation made check out counters a point of unhappy confrontation. On the plus side, a now powerful industry fought back. By now, one out of every 100 Americans was employed by supermarkets. Rather than line up against a public demanding its rights, the industry began to work with the consumer movement. By and large, supermarketing had become the "purchasing agent" for a nation with both a huge appetite and a bad bellyache.

After half a century, the lady of supermarketing's history has become a grande dame of American institution—beset by problems but confident of the future because she's proud of her past.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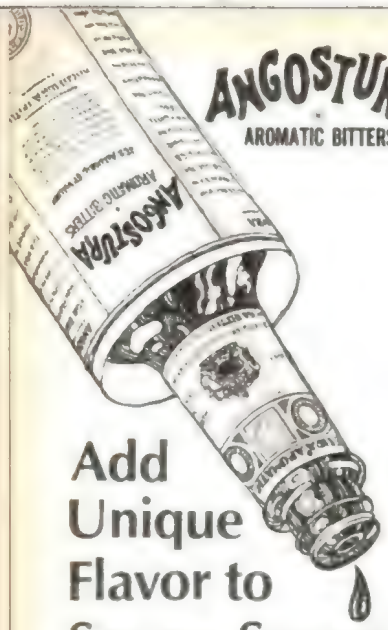
PAUL MASSON
Paul Masson will sell no wine before its time.
Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California © 1980



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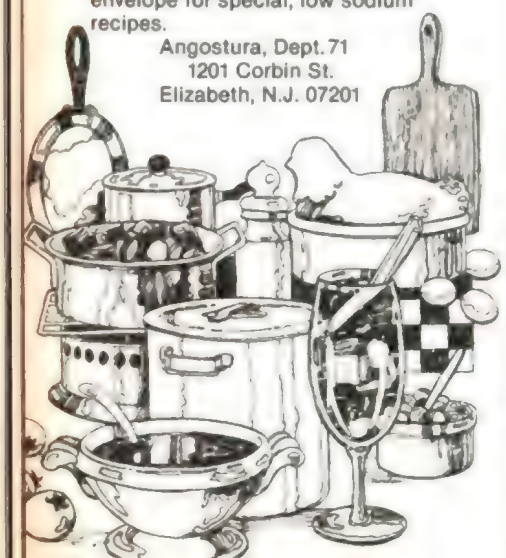


ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

FIFTY YEARS OF SUPERMARKETING

1930–1980

The Tale of the Tape; A Billion Dollar Baby from Nickles and Dimes

In 1979, as the industry approached its 50th birthday, it had become a giant of American enterprise. Total grocery stores sales for the year were $200 billion, but industry profit margins would make oil companies blush.

The average supermarket had become a big business. The full-fledged store carried an inventory of 9,000 to 12,000 items. Weekly sales per store were about $110,000. Some 1.3 million Americans were on the supermarket payroll as full-time or part-time employees.

But it was still a nickle and dime business, fighting for economic survival against a host of pressures—shopper resistance to inflated prices, increasing labor costs, the vicious spiral in energy costs. While total industry sales are a telephone book number, the industry uses more meaningful yardsticks to measure its productivity, profits and problems.

The average supermarket transaction is a mere $11.60. This translates into sales per square foot of $6.49. Although this 1979 statistic shows a 5.9% increase over 1978, when adjusted for inflation, real sales per square foot become $2.83. In the industry, time is money. And time is pressing hard on management. In the supermarket, the average hourly labor cost in 1979 was $5.92, a 10.5% increase from the prior year. Yet, on a sales per labor hour basis—after inflation—the supermarket in 1979 swallowed a decline of three percent.

Like the homeowner, the supermarket operator shudders on hearing the word "OPEC." And it has become a dirty word in the American vernacular.

SUPERMARKET NET PROFITS (AFTER TAXES) AS A PERCENT OF SALES

1975	1976	1977	1978	1979
.88	.86	.72	1.02	.98

Despite heroic efforts to conserve energy (installation of heat reclamation systems, insulation and lowering lighting levels), the industry's 1979 utility bill was over $2 billion.

On the bottom line, it boils down to an old cliche; a volume in billions, a profit in pennies. In 1979, the average supermarket, defined as a retail food store with annual sales of at least $1 million, made a net profit (after taxes) of less than one cent per dollar of sales. What's more, it is still a mom 'n pop business, albeit with big numbers. Independent food stores are taking a 58.3% slice of the pie, food chains get 22.7%, corporately owned stores take 10.1%, and convenience stores are nourished by 4.2% of sales volume.

A Superpower that Speaks Softly

One block from the White House is the headquarters of the Food Marketing Institute (FMI). With some 1,100 members, it is the voice of more than 50 percent of the retail food business; one-store operators, large food chains, grocery wholesalers—even food marketers in 30 foreign countries. For all its clout, as a spokesperson, FMI speaks in rather quiet tones.

Donald Schnuck:
An important revolution.

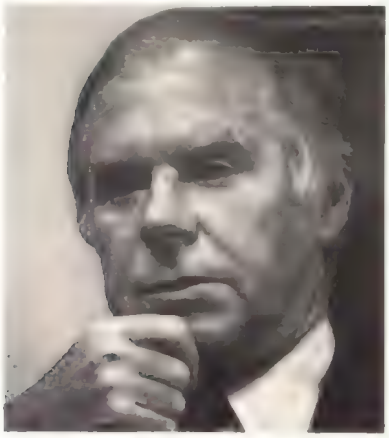
FMI's board chairman, Donald Shnuck, a supermarketer from Missouri, sees the formation of the three-year-old FMI as "one of the most important revolutions in our industry." A merger in January, 1977 of the Super Market Institute and National Association of Food Chains, FMI is the industry's advance guard against, as Schnuck puts it: the forces which are trying to reshape our industry and which are impeding the efficiency and productivity which make it work."

Not surprisingly, government regulation is high on the list of those "forces." But FMI's president, Robert Aders, points out that FMI is concerned with more than government intervention. He refers to "the traditional concerns of the industry—the efficiency, productivity and marketing skills which allow us to hold the line on prices and still maintain quality and service."

ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

FIFTY YEARS OF SUPERMARKETING 1930–1980

In a recent interview, Aders talked about some of the industry's problems with Uncle Sam. His style is laid-back: FMI doesn't lobby with a club. "The grocer," he says, "perceives himself as the purchasing agent for the consumer." And he adds that FMI "doesn't face a hostile Congress. Ours is a grassroots operation—with a grocer in every Congressional district."



Bob Aders:
Purchasing agent for the consumer.

But the industry is embroiled in the legislative process and, like the rest of the nation, struggling in the tide of a sea of regulation. Two years ago, there was a grocery list of regulatory and legislative proposals which were of grave concern to supermarketing. They involved a wide spectrum of issues; beef import quotas, deposits on beverage containers, food labeling regulations, bans on nitrates, nitrites and saccharine, trucking—and a lot more. In 1978, the consumer was justifiably upset about rising food prices and in an anti-business mood—a process which usually leads to overreaction and intervention by government. In 1980, despite increasing inflation, the tide seems to have changed. And this is partially due, according to Aders, to how FMI lobbies. He points to education as being the key: "We gather data about our industry and share it with bureaucrats and Congressmen who write laws and regulations affecting our operations. And, at other times, we organize our membership to contact their own representatives on their own behalf."

Some issues are on the front burner. Backhauling—the process which has trucks returning from stores to ware-

When the supermarket industry began 50 years ago...

Scott Paper Company was already in the forefront, providing the quality paper products that consumers wanted.

Scott has supported the supermarket's impressive progress during those 50 years by anticipating, and actively responding to, the evolving needs and desires of the American consumer. The years ahead will see a continued commitment to the development and marketing of products that provide the industry and consumers with quality and value.

Congratulations to the Supermarket Industry on its 50th Anniversary.

*Not all products available in all areas

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

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houses with a load of air because of an obscure FTC ruling—has been driving up costs by forcing grocery trucks to travel highways empty one-third of the time. For three years, FMI has battled for legislation to permit backhaul allowances. Even though both the Senate and the House passed a Backhaul bill, the FTC remained obdurate.

The industry is also girding its loins to battle for a more enlightened tax policy; it needs investment tax credits for the capital required to increase food distribution productivity. FMI's facts are on the side of the angels. In the past ten years, supermarket utility costs have gone up 225 percent. Labor costs have climbed 171 percent. Supplies are up 166 percent. But sales for the same period rose only by 125 percent. Enormous investments are needed for new technology and more efficient distribution methods. And the industry's profitability—compared to other industry—is no great shakes.

Yet FMI's Aders remains hopeful. "The supermarket," he says, "has survived five decades to become America's dominant retail food outlet because it responded to the changing needs of America. It is that kind of responsiveness and innovativeness which will be needed in the future."

An Up Tight Industry Up Against Some Tough Problems

As the Secretary of Agriculture, Bob Bergland looks at supermarketing from the wider perspective of being part of "the most efficient food distribution system in the whole world." Giving the industry high marks for quality control and reliability, Bergland is, nonetheless, concerned about some major issues in the process through which America feeds its face.

High on the list of USDA concerns is the brutal effect of inflation on both ends of the food distribution system; the farmer and the consumer. On one end, the farmer is just about holding even and getting about one-third of the consumer food dollar. (The 1979 figure was 32%, slightly below the decade average of 33%). At the other end, is the American family complaining bitterly about 10 to 15% increases in the cost of their food bill over recent years. Even more of a concern are the millions of low income families to whom the problem is more than price; it's a matter of nutrition.

Noting that supermarketing "is an up tight industry with very narrow profit margins," Secretary Bergland is keeping an eye on "market forces" to bring whatever relief is possible in the face of escalating labor, packaging and transportation costs. For 1980, USDA estimates that food prices will rise seven to 11 percent over 1979.

Bergland notes that several companies are getting involved in generic packaging and says: "I hope it works."

One area in which Bergland hopes to see some industry improvement is in inner-city food distribution. "I know the chains are having a hard time," he says, but USDA studies show a sharp decline in supermarkets —and with it, a deterioration of food delivery systems—in the low-income urban sectors. The USDA is working to find a better structure but Bergland admits: "We haven't found an answer. I don't think *anybody* has found an answer yet."

On this issue—and in what seems to sum up his feelings on the industry's ability to cope with all its problems— Secretary Bergland notes that supermarkets are perceived by the public as being in harmony with "community spirit—rather than as an adversary to be ripped off."

Time Distribution Services supplier of staples to the supermarket

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TDS

Bob Bergland:
Believer in market forces.

Esther Peterson:
First lady of consumer affairs.

The Supermarket; a Helluva Place to Get Romance

Herself a "product" of the supermarket industry, Esther Peterson is the Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs. Her office, in the building adjacent to the White House, is the busy beehive that serves as the consumer advocate to the President and coordinates all government consumer affairs. Her staff calls her "Esther."

She's the epitome of everybody's grandma—but she's also been called "the most dangerous thing since Genghis Kahn" by an advertising trade publication. By and large, she sees the supermarket industry as being "good for the consumer" and contributing to the "abundant and wonderful life." But Peterson gives perfect marks to nobody.

An "informed consumer" being the banner of her crusade, Peterson wants to see even more facts on labels and packages. And her forces will probably prevail because this grandma is also a tough cookie.

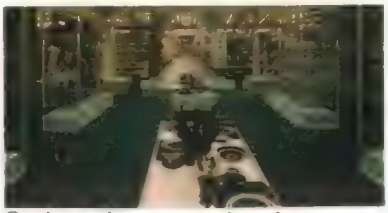
Talking about her days as the consumer adviser to a large food chain, she remembers that the word got out about her clout both with management and the public. A common lament among the chain's buyers, who she often thwarted in their attempts to go for easy pickings, was: "Esther won't let me buy it." She's living evidence that consumerism became part of supermarket operations.

In a debate on a packaging bill calling for standardized sizes, a member of her opposition complained that the bill would "take the romance out of shopping. Her retort: "A supermarket is a helluva place to get romance!"

Yet it is obvious that the first lady of consumerism is in love with the retailing process; not perfect but subject to a practical, educated, prudent shopper.

The Store of the Future

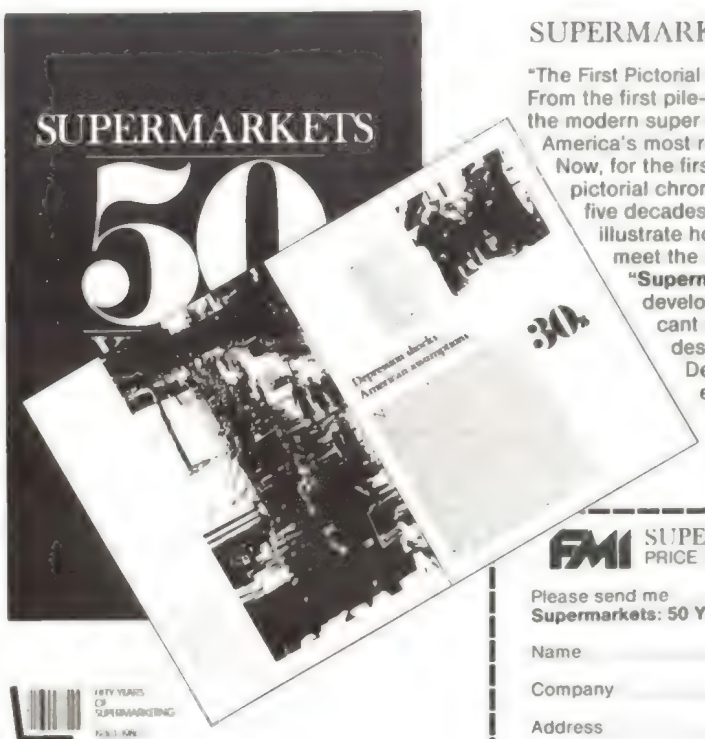
As the country rolls up its technological sleeve, so does the supermarket industry. Even though it costs about $100,000 per store for a system, scanning will slowly sweep the industry. The device that reads the code on every package and gives the shopper a printout of item and price, the scanner has proven its ability to boost productivity by almost one half of one percent of sales.



Opulence in supermarket decor may not survive the pinch of inflation.

The semi-automated warehouse is also on the horizon. The only obstacle is the presently prohibitive cost of investment.

For the short term, the shopper can expect the supermarket to mirror the concerns of every household. More and more "warehouse stores" are opening to cut costs on overhead and labor. Limited assortment stores are appearing. "Super stores" of up to 50,000 square feet and combination stores (supermarket and pharmacy) are aiming for the economies of bigger volume. Whether the neighborhood store gets plainer or fancier remains to be seen. One thing is sure, it will be more efficient, more productive.



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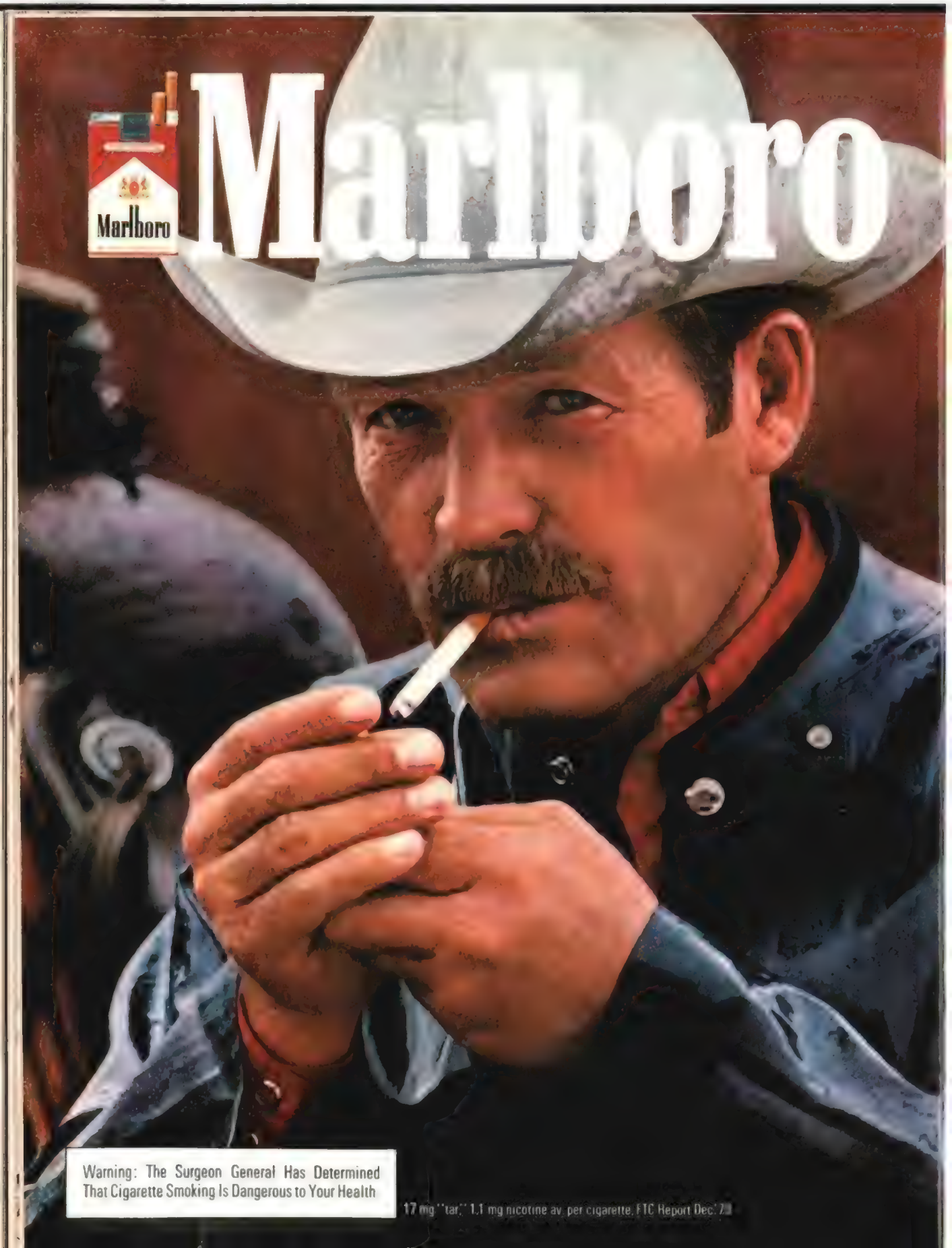
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BRITAIN

The Shambles Left by "Sunny Jim"

Torn by dissension, the Labor Party looks for a new boss

His voice and face strained with emotion, former Prime Minister James Callaghan, 68, summoned members of the Labor Party shadow cabinet to his office in the House of Commons one afternoon last week to announce what some of his colleagues had wanted and others had feared. After 35 years in politics, Callaghan was stepping down as head of the Labor Party in favor of a new leader "who will bring fresh vigor, fresh authority, unity and purpose."

A champion of consensus and compromise, Callaghan leaves a party racked by an internecine war between its right and left wings. His own right wing was savaged by an advancing militant left at the party's annual conference at Blackpool earlier this month. Resolutions were passed that would commit the party, if it returns to power, to taking Britain out of the European Community, and would undermine the Western alliance and NATO by unilateral nuclear disarmament and a ban on U.S. cruise missiles. Along with pressing a series of draconian policy changes, the left captured vital parts of the machinery that controls the party. The schism is now so deep that it raises the possibility of a breakup of the 74-year-old Labor Party, an event that would have profound effects on Britain's political system.

Even as his lieutenants stood to applaud Callaghan's announcement, they were thinking ahead to the race for succession. Callaghan still tops the polls as Britain's most popular political figure, besting Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher 47% to 38% in a survey released last week. Within his own party, however, he is a spent force, little more than a pawn in the struggle for control. Dispirited since Labor's defeat at the hands of the Tories in May 1979, and exhausted by his party's constant infighting, he had hoped to reverse the rising power of the party's left extremists and turn Labor over, united, to a successor in his own mold. His presumed choice: former Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, 63.

Healey is the front runner to succeed Callaghan, but he must now fight for the post in two rounds. At the Blackpool conference, Labor's militant left managed to change the way the party selects its leader, the potential Prime Minister. That privilege has always been exercised by Labor's members of the House of Commons—the Parliamentary Labor Party (P.L.P.). The left pushed through a proposal for a new electoral college made up not only of M.P.s but also of representatives of local committees and delegates from trade unions. Whatever ratio of membership is adopted at a special Labor Party conference on Jan. 24, the radical left will have grabbed a piece of the right's power.

The new system put Callaghan at the center of a political paradox. Leftist M.P.s who had opposed him suddenly entreated him to stay on until the electoral college was in place. M.P.s of the right, who had been his mainstays, demanded that he quit immediately while the P.L.P. could still put a moderate in his shoes. After tantalizing uncertainty, the bruised Callaghan sided with his old allies. They, in turn, vowed to resist the new system. Declared Shadow Defense Secretary William Rodgers: "It should be said loud and clear that the conference cannot instruct the Parliamentary Party. Labor M.P.s will be free to choose their own parliamentary leader." The left countered with a blunt warning: "If the P.L.P. insists on holding a full election in defiance of the recent conference decision, this will be regarded as a declaration of war." Undaunted, the M.P.s scheduled their first ballot for Nov. 4. As many as three left-leaning members may challenge Healey *(see box)*.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Callaghan waving outside Parliament last week

A champion of compromise steps down.

The long-range threat of an irrevocable split in the party lies in the radical policies adopted in Blackpool. Although the move to take Britain out of the European Community has broad public appeal, former Education Secretary Shirley Williams threatened to leave the party if it campaigned on a pledge to pull out of Europe without a new referendum. She warned that a sizable number of M.P.s would go along with her.

The Blackpool votes favoring unilateral disarmament and a ban on U.S. cruise missiles and nuclear submarines also created dissension. One M.P., Neville Sandelson, said afterward that he would vote with the Tories on defense matters: "I do not accept the dictates of authoritarian left-wingers who see the Parliamentary Labor Party as the last democratic bastion in the way of their gaining power. We are the voice of the people. They speak for the Blackpool rabble."

Some rightist M.P.s wanted to break away immediately after the conference. "Let them [the leftists] have the name and the headquarters," argued one M.P. privately. "We could be the Independent Labor Party." Waiting in the wings to encourage those sentiments is Roy Jenkins, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary who is returning to Britain in January after four years as president of the European Commission. Nevertheless, splinter groups have fared poorly in the past, and rebelling M.P.s are not likely to form one now. Nor is there any move among Labor's dissident moderates to join with Britain's middle-of-the-road party, the Liberals.

The radicals have made great gains in the Labor Party in the past 18 months. So long as Labor was in power, Callaghan could hold together his coalition, whose cornerstone is the trade unions, which usually prefer the status quo. But as soon as Labor was relegated to opposition, the left moved to strengthen its position. It was aided by a complacent right, smug in its control of leadership, which did little to counteract a well-planned takeover of the party at the grass roots. Although Labor polled 11 million votes in the last election, its party membership is a meager 220,000 at most. It was easy enough for young activists to gain control of the small, moribund party organizations at the constituency level.

It became painfully clear at the Blackpool conference that Callaghan's celebrated skill for behind-the-scenes persuasion was no longer working. The comforting byword "Jim will fix it" had

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turned into hostile criticism of "Jim's fudge and nudge." Callaghan came to politics out of the trade union movement and had always counted on the union leaders, who tend to be nonideological, to keep the party on a comfortable center-socialist course. But this time the unions could not fall in behind him because they were beset by their own left-right split—shop-floor militants *vs.* traditionalist leaders.

The Labor Party has long lived with its left wing in Parliament; 70 of its 268 M.P.s are members of the so-called Tribune Group, named for a leftist newspaper. The "radiclabs" from the grass roots are a different breed; proudly Marxist and in some cases revolutionary Trotskyists. London's Communist *Morning Star* boasted after the Blackpool conference that the British Communist Party, a scrawny organization with no more than 18,000 members, played "the crucial role" in "the historic turning point in the struggle for a new type of Labor government."

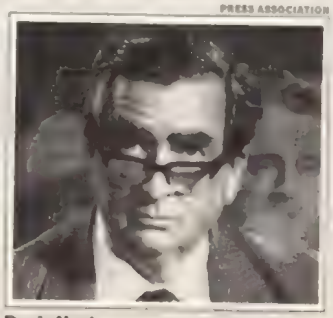
The Labor Party's all-consuming internal struggle is also cause for concern to the Tories. Conservative Chairman Lord Thorneycroft told his party's conference last week: "A strong, patriotic, clear-headed opposition is an essential factor in the conduct of government." Deputy Tory Leader William Whitelaw warned: "We must be twice as vigilant in judging our own policies."

Labor's right fears that the left's extremists are endangering the very life of the party. In a letter published in the *Guardian*, Williams, Rodgers and former Foreign Secretary David Owen warned that factional cooperation was no longer possible: "The far left wants no compromises," wrote this "Gang of Three." "It is seeking not only to dominate the party, but to destroy representative democracy itself." —*By Bonnie Angelo/London*

It Is Healey *vs.* the Left

Only minutes after James Callaghan announced his resignation, Denis Healey rushed to stake his claim to the Labor Party leadership. Healey, 63, the candidate of the moderate right, certainly rates as the people's choice: a new public opinion poll shows him 33 percentage points ahead of his closest rival. But his mandate is less clear among Labor M.P.s, who will vote for one of several contenders. Abrasive and impatient, Healey has alienated Labor's left, part of its right and even some centrist union leaders. Says a former Cabinet colleague: "Denis is like a Sherman tank blasting opposition out of the way."

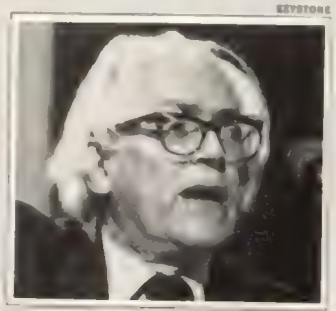
PRESS ASSOCIATION



Denis Healey: great right hope

Born in Mottingham and educated at Oxford's Balliol College, where he took a double first in classics and philosophy, Healey served as Defense Secretary (1964-70) and Chancellor of the Exchequer (1974-79). His bushy eyebrows, imposing girth and bare-knuckle style make him a favorite target of cartoonists, who sometimes turn his teeth into fangs. "There's a Jekyll and Hyde aspect to him," says Tory Home Secretary William Whitelaw, using the caricaturists' horror-show imagery. "You sometimes get the impression that once Denis decides what is good for Britain and his party, he pursues it even if you have to lie and cheat along the way." Healey mistrusts ideology, and sees the job of government as mundanely doing what most people want—trying to eradicate poverty, inflation, unemployment and other social ills. "These things aren't very exciting for visionaries," he says, "but trying to get them is not an ignoble thing to do."

KEYSTONE



Michael Foot: leftist alternative

Healey's intelligence and zest for combat should serve him well if he becomes Labor's candidate against Margaret Thatcher and the Conservatives. "No Tory frontbencher carries Healey's weight of punch," says Julian Critchley, an anti-Thatcher Tory M.P. "His brains, bellicosity and bloody-mindedness may be just what the doctor ordered for Labor."

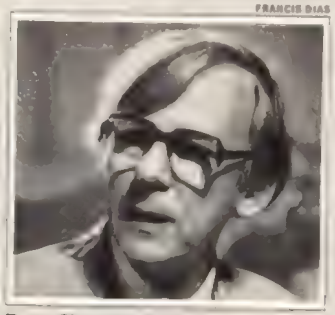
SUTTON—GAMMA—ASON

Tony Benn: idol of the radicals

Leading the left against Healey is Peter Shore, 56, the party spokesman on foreign affairs. Trained as a political economist at King's College, Cambridge, Shore was elected to the House of Commons in 1964 and later served as Secretary of State for Economic Affairs (1967-69), Trade (1974-76) and the Environment (1976-79). With hair that flops over his face, he is an attractive if low-key candidate. He owes his leftist credentials to his opposition to Britain's membership in the European Community. But he is also a passionate supporter of NATO and the Anglo-American alliance and opposes any form of unilateral disarmament. Says a friend: "Peter is a socialist who is not afraid to say he is British."

Others on the left would prefer Michael Foot, 67, a fidgety, white-maned journalist who was first elected to Parliament in 1945. Foot, a brilliant parliamentary debater, is personally popular and thus might be acceptable as a caretaker until Labor's electoral college can get organized. Another declared candidate is a long shot, former Agriculture Minister John Silkin, 57, who is also on the left.

FRANCIS DIAS



Peter Shore: socialist contender

Waiting anxiously in the wings is the radical left's idol, Tony Benn, 55, who will probably boycott the parliamentary balloting for the party leadership on the ground that it is less democratic than the proposed new electoral college. Cynics offer another reason: Benn would make a poor showing because even leftist colleagues are cool to him. If the electoral college is dominated by the far left and chooses Benn, Labor M.P.s would almost certainly move to elect their own leader. This dual system works well in West Germany. But in the acrimonious precincts of the British Labor Party, where the parliamentary leader would have the real power, it would probably bring chaos.

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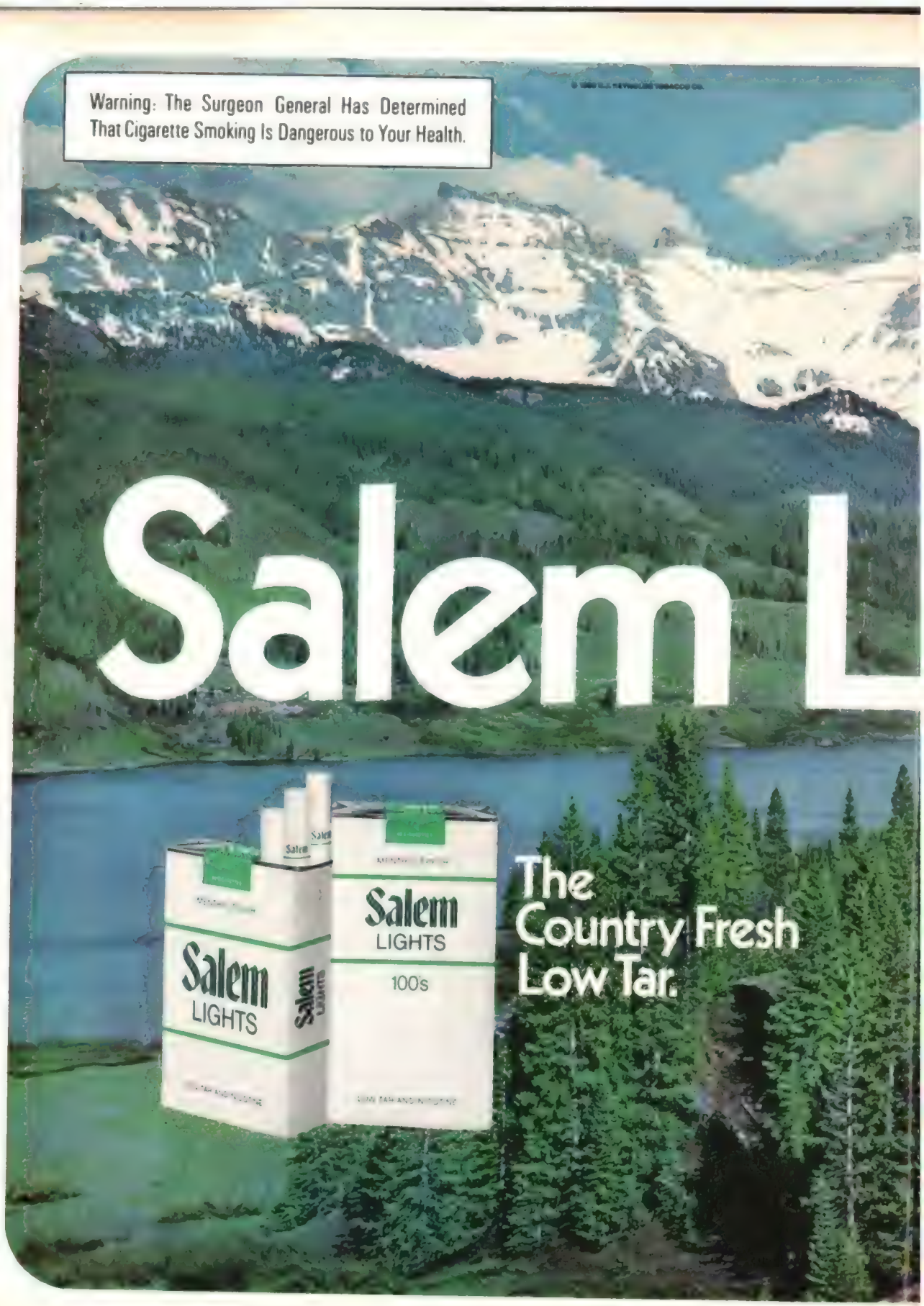
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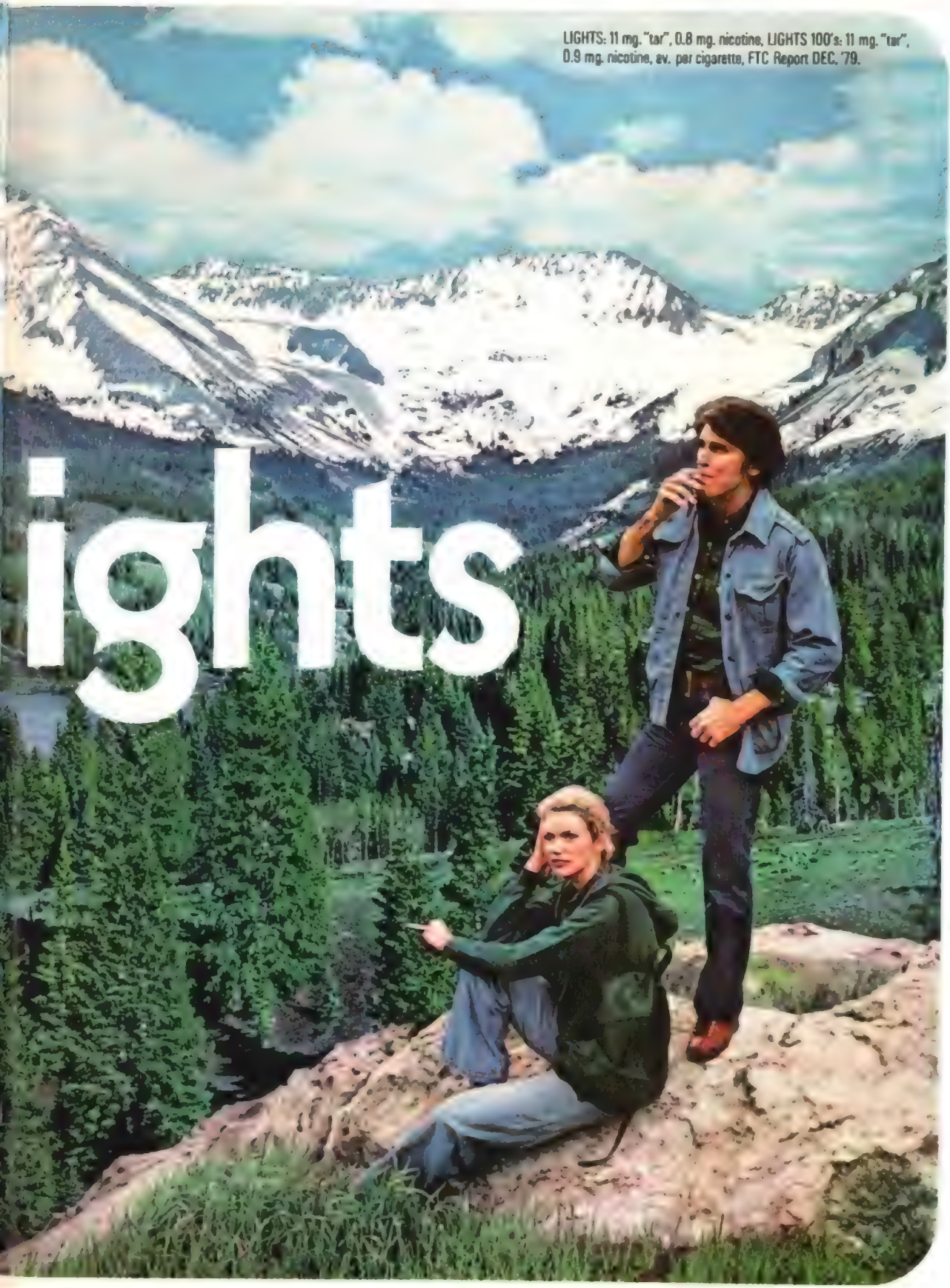

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Karmal embracing Brezhnev at airport

AFGHANISTAN

Karmal Calls

Trouble amid the bear hugs

As he stepped off the Aeroflot jetliner onto the tarmac of Moscow's Vnukovo Airport, Afghanistan's President Babrak Karmal was given effusive greetings by a phalanx of Soviet officials led by Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. The Afghan leader was on his first venture outside the Soviet-occupied country since he was installed as Moscow's puppet last December. The sheer number of senior Soviet Politburo members participating in the Moscow welcome demonstrated the Kremlin's obvious desire to shore up Karmal's legitimacy and make a show of his supposed influence with the Kremlin. Mused a Western diplomat who observed the arrival: "There were more bear hugs than at a circus."

No amount of bear hugging, however, could hide frustrations over the inability of the Soviets' 85,000 occupation troops to vanquish the rebel insurgents' continued resistance in Afghanistan. In a propagandistic way, Karmal admitted as much when he complained to his Soviet hosts that bandits and terrorists armed by the U.S. and China "intimidate and loot the population and kill party members and employees of state organizations."

Just 60 miles from Kabul, in fact, in the Ghorband Valley leading to the city of Bamiyan (pop. 47,000), seesaw battles between Soviet troops and bands of insurgents are said to have caused heavy casualties on both sides. In the Panjshir Valley northeast of Kabul, the Soviets have apparently given up their attempt to dislodge the fierce *mujahidin* (Islamic warriors) from their strongholds. Similarly, Soviet troops have been unsuccessful in efforts to reimpose order on the lawless city of Herat in the northwest, and have only managed to maintain a tenuous and frequently interrupted hold on Kandahar in the south. In Kabul, sniper and grenade attacks have forced a progressively longer and stricter curfew, most recently from 10 o'clock in the evening to 5 in the morning.

Simple mismanagement has made a shambles of the economy. Afghanistan's gross national product has dropped 70% to 80% in the past year. As industrial activity has slowed, revenues from government enterprises such as electric-power plants and textile mills have dropped sharply. Toll taxes on highways are being collected, but mostly by the *mujahidin*, who control many of the roads. A result: severe cuts in public spending, especially in education and welfare.

Persistent food shortages have aroused fears of a possible famine this winter. Nearly 1.5 million head of sheep and goats have been herded into neighboring Pakistan by Afghan refugees, for example. Farmers not working their fields to their fullest potential run the risk of having their lands confiscated by the government. But such draconian rules can hardly be enforced in areas controlled by the *mujahidin*.

For all its gladhanding, Karmal's sojourn in Moscow was expected to turn up little in the way of hard Soviet aid, at least not enough to pump some life into Afghanistan's hemorrhaging economy. Instead, Karmal and Brezhnev signed a wide-ranging treaty of military cooperation. Said Karmal, with utter slavishness: "Were it not for the Soviet Union, there would be no Afghanistan on the political map of our planet, and all mankind would have been suppressed by the brutal barbarity of fascism and imperialism. ■

NORTH KOREA

Kim's Dynasty

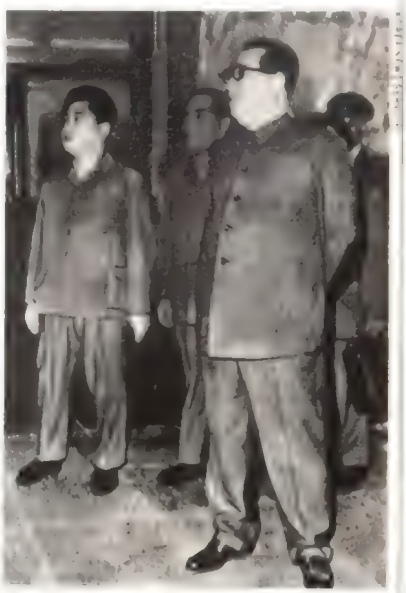
The son also rises

So little is known about the second son of North Korean President Kim Il Sung that Westerners are not sure about even the facts of his birth. Kim Jong Il is thought to have been born in February 1941, somewhere in the Soviet Union, to Kim Il Sung's first wife. According to the best surmise, he attended East Germany's air academy. He may have graduated with an economics degree from Pyongyang's Kim Il Sung University about 1965. In the early 1970s, Japanese visitors were told that he was involved in the "three-revolution" movement in North Korea, an attempt to rebuild the country ideologically, technologically and culturally. After 1977, he disappeared from even the private conversations of Pyongyang officials. Speculation in Seoul and Tokyo had it that the young Kim had been badly injured in a traffic incident, perhaps during an attempt on his life.

As it happens, Kim Jong Il is very much alive and well in Pyongyang. The Sixth Congress of the North Korean Workers' Party last week anointed him as heir apparent of his dictatorial father. From the outset of the congress, when the 29 members of the Communist Party Presidium took their seats on the stage of Pyongyang's Cultural Palace, the purpose of the conclave was clear. When Kim Jong Il was introduced to the 3,230 party delegates, there was a perceptible stir in the hall: the young Kim was accorded no less than fifth place in party precedence. The congress, in fact, did better. Before it adjourned last week, it confirmed Kim Jong Il as No. 4 in the Politburo Standing Committee, No. 3 in the sensitive Military Affairs Committee and—most significant—No. 2, after his father, in the party Secretariat.

What was behind Kim Jong Il's eclipse—and his subsequent emergence into party leadership? Observers could only guess. Many noticed that Kim Il Sung's younger brother, Kim Yong Ju, once considered a possible successor, was nowhere evident on party rosters. One guess was that Kim Yong Ju had lost out to his nephew, the President's son, in an internal party struggle.

Pyongyang watchers predicted that Kim Il Sung will concentrate on foreign affairs, his son on domestic problems. If he is elevated to the presidency, Kim Jong Il is not likely to soften his father's hard line toward South Korea. He is feared as a hawk in Seoul, where one analyst said darkly: "Our relations with North Korea are about to enter a new era of cold war." ■



Kim Il Sung and son, left, five years ago

Once in eclipse, now in succession.

A wounded child in a temporary hospital

Fire and smoke still rise from the rubble two days after quake

ALGERIA

Sifting Through Quake Ruins

El Asnam buries its dead

"The hospital walls suddenly split open in front of me. I saw the hole and I jumped through it."

Abdelkader Mayouf, 24, a medical technician in the Algerian town of El Asnam, recalled his escape as he gazed upon the ruins of the modern, four-story hospital where he had worked. Mayouf had been luckier than the 300 patients who were trapped in their beds when the earthquake struck.

Rescue teams continued to search for other possible survivors in the tangled debris of El Asnam last week, but with dwindling chances of finding life. Instead, with increasing frequency, they found more bodies. The killer quake, which created an initial shock of 7.5 on the Richter scale and a rapid succession of 20 other tremors, left fully 80% of the town destroyed. The initial estimate of 25,000 deaths was later reduced by more than half. Still, with the toll already at 6,000, the El Asnam quake was far worse than the previous one that had destroyed the city in 1954.

Many bodies of victims were wrapped in white sheets for burial in hillside cemeteries; others were hastily placed in communal graves. The 80,000 homeless were sheltered in makeshift camps, 30 to a tent, at locations on the outskirts of El Asnam. The quake also opened up 12-ft.-wide fissures in the countryside as much as 30 miles away, destroying scores of villages and leaving an estimated 325,000 rural inhabitants destitute.

The tragedy was compounded by the chaos of the first rescue efforts. "People were fighting for a chance to dig out the survivors," said a Danish journalist. As more help arrived from 30 countries, bringing some $1.5 million worth of aid and equipment, rescuers were often at cross-purposes. Swiss and French avalanche dogs, trained to sniff out buried bodies, were thrown off the scent by powerful disinfectants that were sprayed on buildings to keep decaying bodies from spreading disease. French microphonic devices, flown in to monitor buildings for faint sounds of breathing, were useless in the din of bulldozers.

Work crews, firemen and army disaster specialists nonetheless managed to rescue many of the living. On Wednesday, five days after the quake, a ten-month-old baby girl was found hungry but unhurt. Unlike so many children wandering the streets, she was reunited with older sisters and brothers. By then, with water in short supply, sanitation hazards were increasing, and Algerian officials had begun worrying not only about epidemics but about civil disorder. One convoy was raided by villagers, angry that truckloads of food and medicine were constantly passing them by. Armed soldiers were forced to mount patrols to guard against mass looting of tottering buildings.

The Algerian government plans to expand the tent city to house the crowded survivors for three or four months until prefabricated housing can be erected. Meanwhile, the city itself is to be sealed off and leveled to the ground. Surviving residents surveyed their demolished homes and wondered if the fertile Chéliff River valley town was even worth rebuilding. Said one young man: "I had heard people talk about the 1954 earthquake. But I could never imagine this. I think we should find another place." ■

Homeless survivors huddle in a tent encampment

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Conservation at the source.

Fuel cells get more out of fossil fuels than conventional combustion methods. They produce energy using an electrochemical reaction. Because nothing burns, fuel cells are virtually pollution free. They can be located very close to consumers, cutting power losses in transmission. Eventually, arrangements which capture and use waste heat could increase a fuel cell's efficiency to over 80%, more than double the efficiency of the best conventional plant today.

While these figures are promising, fuel cells are not yet economically feasible and reliable power plants. Even when they are, fuel cells will only contribute a small percentage of total electricity. But they will help us stretch our fossil fuel supply because they use fuels so efficiently.

Using less electricity.

There was once a time when we urged consumers to use all the electricity they wanted to. But times have changed drastically, and now all of us have to conserve as much energy as we can.

The utilities can conserve by finding ways to generate and transmit electricity more efficiently. Consumers can conserve by using less electricity and using it wisely. But no matter how much we all conserve, it won't keep demand from rising.

Conservation isn't enough.

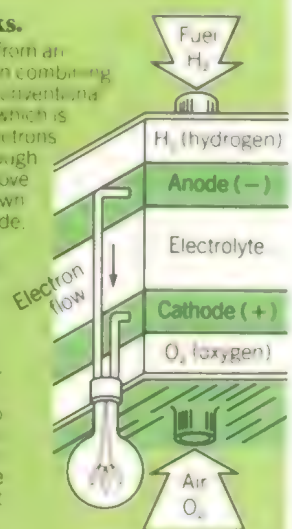
Estimates are that we can save 20% by 1990 with everyone's best conservation effort. However, during the same time period, even with conservation, demand will have grown by over 50%. This figure assumes a slow rate of population and economic growth, but enough to keep employment up and to maintain our standard of living. So while conservation will help, it won't do the whole job of meeting demand.

Another solution is to use renewable resources. The electric industry is involved in intense research on many of these possibilities—geothermal, solar, wind, water, biomass, nuclear fusion, salt ponds, tides, you name it. But it is going to be a long time before any of these results in reliable, large scale electric generation. So what do we do in the meantime?

How the fuel cell works.

Fuel cells derive their energy from an electrochemical reaction of hydrogen combining with oxygen to form water (H_2O). A conventional fuel is converted into hydrogen gas which is then split into hydrogen ions and electrons at an anode (−). The ions move through an electrolyte, while the electrons move through an external circuit, both drawn towards a cathode (+). At the cathode, the hydrogen, electrons and oxygen (from the air) combine to form water. The flow of electrons through the external circuit from anode to cathode is electricity.

A fuel cell plant is now being built in New York City by the Consolidated Edison Company and its several partners. This test project is also funded by hundreds of electric companies through their membership in the Electric Power Research Institute (EPRI), as well as by the government and private industry.



We still need to build coal and nuclear plants now.

While we are conserving and working on new energy sources for the future, we need to build the generating plants we know we can rely on, coal and nuclear. And they must be safe and efficient.

Because it takes from 8 to 14 years to plan, build and license a plant, we need to begin now. Otherwise we may end up without enough electricity before the new technologies are ready to move in.

For more information about the electric industry's conservation and research efforts and the pressing need to build power plants now, write to the Edison Electric Institute, Dept D, 1111 19th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies

Nobel Prizes

Another Big U.S. Harvest

Americans win eight of eleven

The awards pay tribute to a mere fraction of man's achievements. Still, the six Nobel Prizes announced every autumn are the supreme status symbol, the most coveted and prestigious honors awarded anywhere in science and literature. The laureates, judged under the terms of Swedish Industrialist Alfred Nobel's will to "have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind," receive medals, money and the instant acclaim of peers and public alike. Ranked with the likes of Albert Einstein, Marie Curie, W.B. Yeats and Albert Schweitzer, they are deluged with honorary degrees, speaking invitations and book contracts.

Last week four more Nobel Prizes were awarded—for economics, physics, chemistry and contributions to peace—to seven men. Together with the previous week's two awards—for literature and medicine—they brought the total number of this year's laureates to eleven. Each of the six prizes, some of which are shared, is worth $212,000, boosted by inflation from last year's $190,000. When the prizes were first given in 1901, they were worth $40,400.

Once again the 1980 honors list is dominated by Americans. Since World War II, the U.S. has won 131 prizes, nearly triple the number of its closest challenger, Britain, with 47. Two weeks ago, the literature prize went to Polish-born Poet Czeslaw Milosz, 69, now a U.S. citizen, and the medicine prize to three immunologists, Jean Dausset, 63 (France), George Snell, 76 (U.S.), and Baruj Benacerraf, 59 (U.S.). Last week Americans took five awards, two for physics, two for chemistry, one for economics. The other two went to a Briton and an Argentine.

Economist Klein: "I don't think that this will be an occasion for missing class"

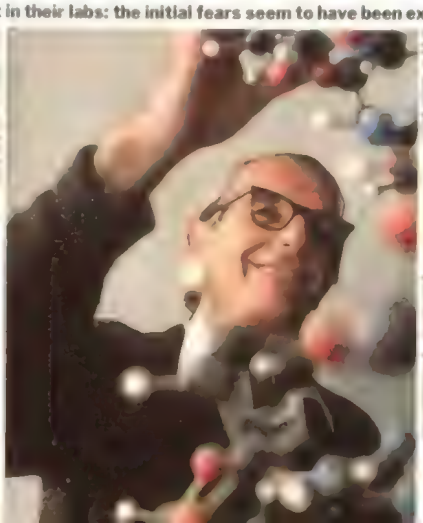
ECONOMICS: THE MAN BEHIND THE MODELS. "I have a class at 10:30. I don't think that this will be an occasion for missing class." That was the response of Economist Lawrence Klein, 60, last week when a reporter telephoned him asking for a comment on the news that he had just won the Nobel Prize. The University of Pennsylvania professor was cited for his contributions as "the leading research worker within the field of the economic science which deals with the construction and analysis of empirical models of business fluctuations."

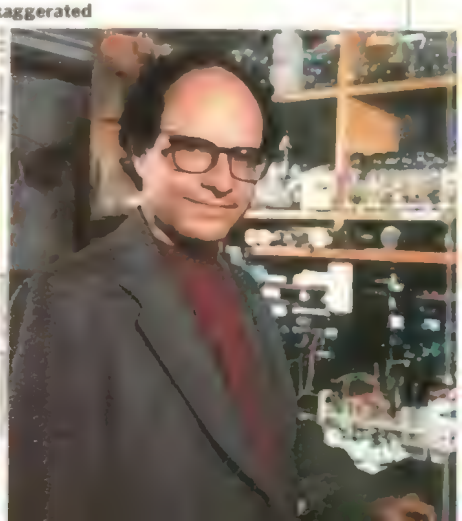
Econometric models are a combination of economics, mathematics and statistics. Model builders usually set up several hundred mathematical equations that represent the variables in any economy. After these are fed into a computer, the model can provide a picture of how the economy might react to a change in one or more important factors. Economists can predict, for example, how a severe drought in the Middle West might affect not only food prices but also consumer purchases of everything else.

For years econometric models were largely ignored by Establishment economists, who preferred to predict business trends on the basis of their own intuition and a few blackboard calculations. But in 1946 Klein used an early model of the U.S. economy to forecast that the U.S. would not slip back into the Depression when the wartime buildup ended, as most economists then believed. Klein was right, of course, and econometric models began to win respectability. During the past three decades he has honed his forecasting tools through elaborate models of the U.S. economy. In 1969 he began Project LINK, a model that attempts to tie together the economies of the industrialized and developing nations of the world.

Ironically, the Nobel Prize was awarded to Klein just as econometric models are coming under attack for spewing out a series of wrong numbers over the past three or four years. The models, for example, have generally underestimated both inflation and the steep rise in

Chemistry Laureates Berg, Sanger and Gilbert in their labs: the initial fears seem to have been exaggerated





interest rates. Quipped one of Klein's colleagues last week: "We are happy that they are giving the award to Larry this year because if they had waited, they would have had to give him the Nobel Prize for mythology."

Klein ventured out of academia and into politics during the 1976 campaign, when he became the chief economic adviser to Candidate Jimmy Carter. When the Carter Administration was being formed, however, Klein took himself out of the running for a top position to continue teaching, although some associates thought he feared that his fleeting affiliation with the Communist Party as a young man in the 1940s would cause too many problems. Klein now considers himself a "friendly critic" of the Carter Administration, and he grades its economic performance as only "fair," mainly because he thinks the President has bent too easily to political pressure.

Klein, incidentally, did not make that 10:30 class after all; he was besieged by reporters. At 1:30 sharp, though, he was on the podium at Penn's Dietrich Hall, ready to begin his usual Wednesday afternoon class in econometrics.

PHYSICS: ASYMMETRICAL WORLD. "It's really quite arcane," sighed Princeton's Val Fitch, 57, when he was asked by reporters last week to explain the work that brought him and his former colleague, James Cronin, 49, now of the University of Chicago, the 1980 prize for physics. "I find it difficult to convey to my family just what it is I've been doing."

What Fitch and Cronin have been doing is to help overturn the so-called laws of symmetry. By these rules, physicists try to understand the behavior of matter at its most basic level, where nuclear particles are created and destroyed. The two scientists' work may also help explain how the universe could have survived its fiery birth in the Big Bang some 15 billion years ago.

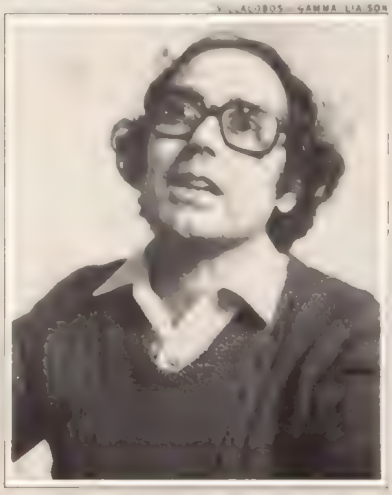
In their groundbreaking experiment at Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, N.Y., in 1964, the physicists examined two key laws of symmetry: 1) that in nuclear reactions all particles can be replaced by their antimatter opposites—for example, electrons by positrons; and 2) that nature does not distinguish between a reaction and its mirror image with respect to such processes as the decay (or breakup) of particles. Despite isolated variations, these rules taken together were presumed inviolable.

Fitch and Cronin discovered to their surprise that this is not always so. Experimenting with short-lived particles known as neutral K_2-mesons, they found that in two of every 1,000 reactions these bits of matter would decay into a pair of π-mesons (called pions) instead of the three pions that would be predicted on the basis of the combined symmetry rules. Such results indicated a possible violation of another basic presumption of symmetry known as time reversal: that reactions can run either forward or backward, like film

A Light in the Latin Darkness

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, 48, is a quiet, slightly built Argentine whose shy smile and modest appearance belie an iron resolve: he is a dedicated champion of Latin America's poor and oppressed, and, by proxy, of Argentina's 6,000 *desaparecidos*—"those who disappeared," most either kidnaped or liquidated in the Argentine military's harsh, four-year-long antiterrorism drive. As such, Pérez Esquivel is an avowed nonviolent foe of the ruling junta in Buenos Aires. As a result of last week's Nobel honors, he is now, irony of ironies, on the payroll of a government he has long opposed. Under an obscure law passed in 1977, probably in the belief that the country's greatest author, Jorge Luis Borges, might win the Nobel Prize for Literature, any living Argentine laureate receives the salary of a supreme court justice, or about $5,000 a month, in addition to the cash award given by the Nobel Foundation. Last week, to the public displeasure of the junta, Pérez Esquivel was named the winner of the 1980 Nobel Prize for Peace.

The Peace Prize committee chose Pérez Esquivel from a record list of 71 nominees. Although virtually unknown outside human rights circles, he edged out such candidates as President Jimmy Carter (for his Camp David efforts), British Foreign Minister Lord Carrington and Zimbabwe Prime Minister Robert Mugabe (for their successful endeavor to end the war in Rhodesia), Swedish Disarmament Activist Alva Myrdal and Pope John Paul II. Pérez Esquivel, said 1976 Peace Laureate Betty Williams of the Northern Ireland Peace Movement, is "the greatest living radical pacifist leader." Noted the Nobel committee: "He is among those Argentines who have shone a light in the darkness. He champions a solution that dispenses with the use of violence. The views he represents carry a vital message to many other countries, not least in Latin America."



Peace Prizewinner Adolfo Pérez Esquivel

The message Pérez Esquivel preaches is simple. A devout Roman Catholic, a sculptor and onetime professor of art and art history, he gave up his academic career in 1974 to found and head Argentina's *Servicio Paz y Justicia* (Peace and Justice Service). The group is dedicated to human rights throughout Latin America and to what Pérez Esquivel describes as "both spiritual and moral support, and practical aid for those who suffer." Specifically, that means organizing help for the needy in the continent's sprawling slums and its impoverished countryside. A disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, Pérez Esquivel also formed groups dedicated to nonviolent social change. The distinction was too subtle for the military government in Argentina. In 1977 he was arrested, tortured and held in custody for 14 months without ever being charged.

Though Pérez Esquivel is only the second Argentine ever to win the Peace Prize (the first was Foreign Minister Saavedra Lamas in 1936 for having settled the Chaco War between Bolivia and Paraguay), the reaction of the junta was singularly graceless. Claiming that the award had "taken the country by surprise," the military leadership charged that Pérez Esquivel's activities "were effectively used, regardless of his intentions, to make the movement of various terrorist organizations easier."

Pérez Esquivel emulated last year's Peace Prize winner, India's Mother Teresa, by declaring that he was accepting only on behalf of "the people of Latin America, particularly the most poor, the most humble, the Indians, peasants and workers." Asked whether his award would affect the way in which his country is ruled, he replied: "I don't know." Others were less pessimistic. "It will restrain those who brutalize, and end indifference," said José Westerkamp, a fellow Argentine civil rights activist. Added Robert Cox, the British-born former editor of the Buenos Aires *Herald*, who is currently a Nieman Fellow at Harvard: "Here is an ordinary person showing that one man can do an enormous amount. It's like David being equipped with armor, not just a slingshot. This is one of the few cases of the meek inheriting the earth."

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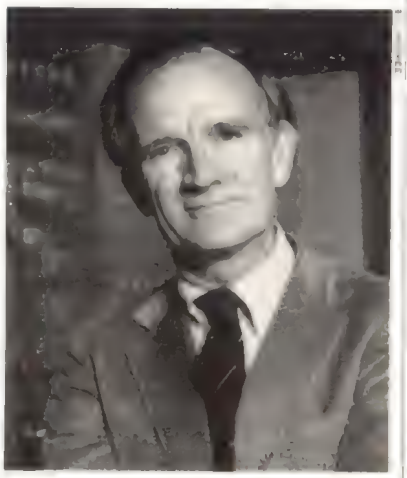
Nobel Prizes

in a movie projector. In effect, Fitch and Cronin showed that the universe was not as symmetrical as had been expected, a turn of events so profoundly disturbing that, as one member of the Nobel committee explained, "it would take a new Einstein to say what it means."

Lately, Fitch and Cronin's work has been studied intensely by cosmologists seeking an answer to a perplexing question. In the immediate aftermath of the Big Bang, the newborn universe was presumably symmetrical, consisting of equal amounts of matter and antimatter. But now it seems to be made largely of matter. Why? The Fitch-Cronin work suggests an answer: in those primordial moments, the production of ordinary matter slightly outpaced antimatter—by about one part in 10 billion. Then, as the universe cooled and particles collided, matter and antimatter largely annihilated each other. Just enough matter, however, was left over to keep the universe from destroying itself at birth.

CHEMISTRY: GENETIC ENGINEERS. The chemistry prize, in part, gives recognition to an experiment that almost did not take place. It was set up in 1971 by Biochemist Paul Berg of Stanford University, in an effort to understand why normal cells turn cancerous. He planned to insert the monkey virus SV40, which can cause tumorous growth in the cells of other animals, including laboratory cultures of human cells, into test tube versions of the common intestinal bacterium *Escherichia coli*. But the project was forestalled by the fears of Berg and some other scientists that it could accidentally plant a slow-ticking cancer time bomb in humans.

Last week's award made it clear that the Swedish Academy thought these fears were exaggerated. Berg, 54, who subsequently helped draw up federal guidelines for similar research, won half of the prize for this and other achievements in the fast-expanding field of genetic engineering. The other half was shared by Harvard's Walter Gilbert, 48, and Frederick Sanger, 62, of England's Cambridge University, for developing rapid methods of decoding genetic structure, a key tool in this biochemical revolution. It was Sanger's second Nobel in chemistry. His first prize came in 1958 for elucidating the structure of insulin, the body's molecule for breaking down sugar.



Val Fitch in his lab at Princeton University
Only an Einstein could say what it means.

James Cronin at news conference
Surviving birth 15 billion years ago.

What proved most significant about Berg's experiment, and helped win the prize, were the steps that immediately preceded it. The virus he wanted to introduce into the bacterium was itself a hybrid. By ingenious use of enzymes that can cut, patch and join nucleic acids, he and his colleagues managed to splice DNA from a bacterial virus into SV40's genes, forming a single closed loop. That was the first time scientists had been able to link the genes of two distinctly different species, and thus created the prospect of producing entirely new life forms.

Gilbert and Sanger vastly advanced the new technology of recombinant DNA, as it has become known, with their different methods for determining the sequence of nucleotides, or chemical "letters," that carry the message in the long-chained DNA molecules. Gilbert's technique, devised with his Harvard colleague Allan Maxam, is essentially chemical: it uses reagents, or chemical markers, to test for different nucleotides along the molecule. Sanger's is more biological: it employs an enzyme to copy individual "letters" and thus identify them.

These techniques have eased the way for all sorts of gene splicing. By the insertion of appropriate new genes, bacteria have already been "taught" to produce interferon, the antiviral substance that helps the body ward off disease, as well as human insulin. In the offing: gene-replacement therapy for genetic ailments, the creation of new types of plants and industrial enzymes, possibly even an understanding of cancer. ■

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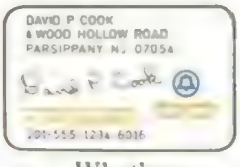

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Red Stars over the Cosmos

A record-setting mission underscores the Soviet space drive

Question: Why did the Soviet-trained Cuban Cosmonaut Arnaldo Mendez return from his recent trip into space with red hands?

Answer: The Soviets aboard the ship were so worried about being hijacked to Cuba that they slapped his hands every time he reached for the controls.

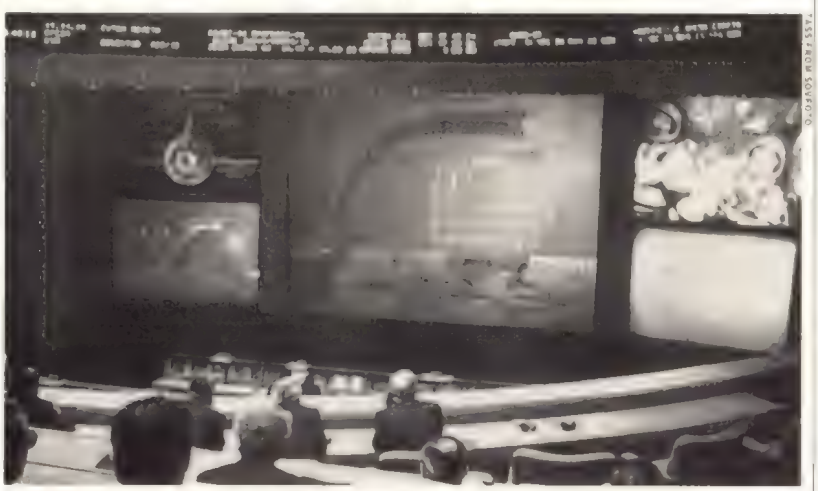
That little joke is currently making the rounds at NASA headquarters in Washington, D.C. But the troubling fact is that U.S. officials have little to smile about when they look at the burgeoning Soviet space program. The faltering U.S effort has been plagued by repeated delays of the space shuttle (now scheduled for launch no earlier than next March), while the Soviets have been forging steadily onward, setting the stage for permanent occupation of space.

The latest evidence of Soviet ambitions comes with the return to earth of Cosmonauts Leonid Popov and Valery Ryumin from a record-breaking 185 days aboard the Salyut 6 space station. Their successful mission not only eclipsed the Soviets' earlier endurance mark of 175 days in orbit but was 101 days longer than the stay by U.S. astronauts aboard the Skylab space station in 1974. Says retired U.S. Air Force Lieut. General Thomas Stafford, a former astronaut who commanded the orbital linkup with the Soviets in 1975, the last manned American mission: "The Soviets are challenging the U.S. in space, and they are achievers."

So they are. Though Salyut 6 may be smaller and more primitive than Skylab, which tumbled back to earth last year, the samovar-shaped space station has performed impressively. Launched three years ago, it weighs 20 tons, has as much room as a small dacha (the amenities: a shower, 20 view ports, sleeping facilities for four), and has been occupied for 578 days, a little more than half its time aloft. The Soviets, using their new breed of Progress spacecraft—small, automated single-shot ferry ships—have repeatedly refueled and re-equipped Salyut, with a total overhaul of its inventory of more than two tons of scientific equipment.

Some of this gear seems to be military. Circling at an altitude of about 320 km (200 miles), Salyut provides an ideally situated outpost for keeping an eye on military-related activities on the earth. Indeed, U.S. intelligence sources note that the Soviets have sent four unmanned satellites into orbit during the past three weeks, including one electronic eavesdropping vehicle. The frenzy is presumably part of their effort to keep tab on the war in the Persian Gulf.

As important as spy-in-the-sky activity may be to the Soviet space effort, Salyut's latest cosmonauts plainly had their hands full. In fact, they may have set a record for doing science in space. According to the Soviets, the experiments included physiological and biological stress tests, notably monitoring the skeletal changes that occur during prolonged exposure to weightlessness. The cosmonauts made extensive surveys of the earth, looking for oil deposits, checking crops and forests, and seeking untapped sources of fresh water. They cultured yeast cells and grew layers of gallium arsenide crystals, an important component of computer chips and lasers. The objective: to test the zero g environment for possible use in future space manufacturing facilities.



Inside Soviet control center, with Cosmonauts Popov and Ryumin visible on screen

They may have been joking, but NASA officials have little to laugh about.

Such facilities may not be far off. Though Soviet spokesmen frequently talk of ambitious projects like manned exploration of the moon or a mission to Mars, U.S. space watchers are convinced that the Soviets have a more immediate goal: orbiting a permanent twelve-man space station by the middle of the decade. The 110-ton-plus station would be sent aloft by a giant booster with nearly twice the thrust of the huge Saturn 5 rockets that launched Americans on their voyages to the moon. To rendezvous with such a platform, the Soviets have hinted they are working on a new vehicle that sounds somewhat reminiscent of NASA's abandoned "Dyna-Soar" project. It seems to be a delta-winged spacecraft, designed to glide smoothly to the ground like the space shuttle rather than come down to a bumpy landing under a parachute, as did Popov and Ryumin on the steppe of Kazakhstan in central Asia in their Soyuz space capsule.

Launching payloads of all kinds at ten times the rate of the U.S., the Soviets are slowly closing the gap with the U.S., not by great leaps but by tortoise-like persistence. Says the Library of Congress's veteran space watcher Charles Sheldon: "They keep plugging away at very practical things, gaining an enormous amount of experience. Certainly, reliability has increased tremendously in their programs." Thus, even without a reusable vehicle like the U.S. space shuttle, the Soviets show every sign of being able to ferry a steady stream of men and material between earth and orbit for both civilian and military objectives. Adds Sheldon: "I'm obviously concerned."

Like their country's space program, Salyut 6's latest occupants were dogged performers. Popov, 34, a space rookie, ably took last-minute command of the ship when one of the original crewmen injured his leg just before launch. Ryumin, 41, the flight engineer, is a three-mission veteran who has now logged nearly 240 million km (150 million miles) in space, a record. Besides all the science efforts, the cosmonauts did well at the usual public relations functions, like fashioning a makeshift Misha bear, the symbol of the Moscow Olympics. They exerted themselves more strenuously than previous cosmonaut teams—by doing long stretches on a treadmill, for example. Nor did they stint on food. Each registered a weight gain— Popov 3 kg (7 lbs.), Ryumin 4.5 kg (10 lbs.)—a new phenomenon for space travelers. The pair apparently felt so good that after landing, Ryumin coolly got out of the spacecraft and jauntily walked off unaided. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington*

The Mary and Bill Story

Off the business page and onto the front page, a new soap opera

A television camera was panning the crowd at the Republican National Convention in Detroit last July when it zoomed in for a closeup of former President Gerald Ford. But wait, who was that handsome couple smiling fondly at each other nearby? Knowledgeable viewers recognized them as William M. Agee, 42, soon-to-be-divorced chairman of the Bendix Corp. in Southfield, Mich., and Mary E. Cunningham, 29, his rapidly promoted vice president for strategic planning. That TV image was the first journalistic glimmer of a story that has gathered enough momentum in the past five weeks to eclipse national interest in who shot J.R.

The story broke Sept. 24 when Agee told 600 employees at a company meeting that his friendship with Cunningham was not a factor in her swift rise. As of last week, the Mary and Bill story had rated coverage in practically every major newspaper and magazine, several sober editorials, a FORTUNE cover and, the crowning touch, a gossipy, five-part series sold to some 50 newspapers by the Chicago Tribune/New York News Syndicate. Written by New Journalist Gail Sheehy (*Passages*), the series unblushingly depicts Cunningham as an angel, awesomely gifted, scrupulously moral and out to improve the world through humane capitalism; it is laced with enough mawkish prose and gratuitous personal detail to make Harold Robbins blush. As the scandal mounted, for instance, Sheehy reported: "Mary Cunningham sat in her hotel room at the Waldorf. She could not eat. Every so often, she stepped into the bathroom to vomit." Also: "The mildew of envy is a living, corroding organism in the corridors of power." Chairman Agee, Sheehy discloses, is currently taking Catholic instruction from Monsignor William Nolan, Cunningham's guardian since she was five. (Agee heatedly denies this.) For her part, Sheehy says that her story was based on 30 interviews, including three hours with Cunningham two years ago for another project, several follow-up chats and one hour with Agee. Said Sheehy: "This is a kind of case history for the '80s."

The Sheehy series touched off minor competitive dramas in several cities where it appeared. In San Francisco, where the Tribune Syndicate's regular customer is the *Examiner* (circ. 159,000), the rival *Chronicle* (circ. 507,000) snatched the series instead. "There was a bleep-up," said an angry Reg Murphy, the *Examiner's* editor. Murphy struck back with a survey of Bay Area business executives, all of whom said they would hire Cunningham on the spot.

In Washington, the afternoon *Star* (circ. 346,000) bought the series and was putting Part 1 to press when the Tribune Syndicate suddenly canceled the deal, insisting that the larger morning *Post* (circ. 601,000) had first-refusal rights. The *Star*, arguing that it had a valid contract, went ahead and printed the three segments it already had and, it claimed, borrowed copies of the final two from friendly editors in other cities. Thus the entire series appeared simultaneously in both papers, contrary to industry canons. *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, suspecting that the *Star* was lifting the series from early editions of his own paper, laid a trap. He had the text of Part 4 changed slightly; the *Star's* version repeated the changes. He also altered Part 5 so that the first letters of the article's opening paragraphs spelled out HI MURRAY, a gibe at *Star* Editor Murray J. Gart. That trick did not work; the *Star's* version began with the letters YHMMDMYW.

By week's end even the most jaded of editors had to agree the Cunningham saga was getting out of hand. Bendix public relations men were taking calls offering TV and movie deals for Cunningham's story. Some 60 top executive positions had been offered, Sheehy said, including the directorship of a Harvard Business School study of women in the executive suite. Cunningham was reported to be holed up in Agee's private Idaho hideaway, or walking the beach in California, or at home in Bloomfield, Mich.

A few news organizations tried to point out the more serious issues involved. Had Cunningham been a young man with the same credentials, editorialized the New York *Times*, "no newspaper would dream of publishing the tale . . . In the upper ranks of the FORTUNE 500, unfortunately, women are more visible as receptionists, secretaries and charwomen than as makers of policy." Said the Boston *Globe*: "When a young woman makes good, her colleagues get suspicious . . . they make excuses: sex favoritism, affirmative action, window dressing." Pulitzer-prize-winning *Globe* Columnist Ellen Goodman found the Mary and Bill show to be "absolutely ripe with hostility toward uppity women." Asked Goodman: "If women can sleep their way to the top, why aren't they there?" ■

Cunningham and Agee at Bendix headquarters the day before she took a leave of absence

"The mildew of envy is a living, corroding organism in the corridors of power."

Lethal Friends

Italy's journalistic hit men

As a correspondent for the prestigious Milan daily *Corriere della Sera*, Walter Tobagi, 33, was widely known for his writing about Italian terrorism. Too widely known. As he left his home one morning last May, two young gunmen shot him to death, then fled in a waiting Peugeot sedan. Within hours, the notorious Red Brigades claimed responsibility for the murder in a long communiqué attacking the Italian press. The bulletin was signed by a newly created branch of the terrorist organization known as the March 28 Brigade, named for the date in 1980 when four Red Brigades members died in a shootout with Genoa police.

Last week, after a stunning series of raids in Milan, Bologna and other cities, police officials announced that among some 70 members of the Red Brigades arrested, they had captured the entire six-member March 28 contingent. To the astonishment of many Italians, the alleged

Tobagi lies dead in Milan last spring

Terrorists who killed only reporters.

journalistic assassins included the sons of a prominent publisher, a newspaper writer and several leading manufacturers

March 28 was formed last spring by six young would-be terrorists who wanted to join the Red Brigades. So the Brigades gave them an initiation test: silence Tobagi. Mission accomplished, they were evidently given a second assignment: kill Giorgio Bocca, a special correspondent for Rome's daily *La Repubblica* and a columnist for the weekly Italian newsmagazine *L'Espresso*. The plot fizzled when Bocca was alerted to two suspicious-looking young men loitering near his house last June, and called police. The men escaped. Other journalists are believed to have been marked for assassination by the March 28 group. But before the killings could be carried out, a suspected member of the group, Marco Barbone, 22, was picked up by police last month for questioning on other terrorist activities. Barbone blurted out a confession, admitting the Tobagi murder to startled police and naming his fellow cell members

Barbone's father, Donato Barbone, is the editorial director of Sansoni, part of Rizzoli, the second largest publisher in Italy. Among the other alleged hit men were Paolo Morandini, 21, the son of *Il Giorno* Film Critic Morando Morandini, and Francesco Giordano, 28, a former advertising staff member at *Il Giorno*.

Friends and family members refused at first to believe that the six could be terrorists. One of the incredulous was *La Repubblica* Reporter Guido Passalacqua, 37, who was wounded in Milan last May by the same gun that killed Tobagi. Last week when police showed him pictures of his accused attackers, Passalacqua recognized two of them. Said he, pointing to a photograph of Giordano: "But he's a friend of mine. We've had dinner together many times. He's a friend. I don't understand." He was not alone. ■

Education

A Boarding School for "Brains"

North Carolina starts catering to gifted teen-agers

"I used to just breeze by in school," says Saralyn Hawkins, 16, a high school junior from Gastonia, N.C., "but now I have to work." That is the idea at Saralyn's new school, the nation's first free residential public high school for gifted students, which opened its doors this term in Durham, N.C. The North Carolina School of Science and Mathematics, a pet project of Governor James B. Hunt Jr., offers free rooms, meals and a precollegiate curriculum to 150 bright, technology-oriented eleventh graders selected from 900 statewide nominees. The two-year school's eventual enrollment target is 750 The students, 30 of whom are blacks, include sons and daughters of university professors and tobacco farmers; among them is a boy who missed only one math question (out of 60) on his Scholastic Aptitude Test. Another, at age nine, discovered an error in a book on rocketry and space travel by Wernher von Braun. All were chosen after lengthy screening: high school grades, SAT scores, teachers' recommendations and personal interviews. "We weren't looking for bookworms," explains the school's development director, Braughn Taylor. "We were looking for movers and shakers, students who have the potential for achievement."

Educators at North Carolina's school for the gifted share a growing concern that the nation's most talented students are being neglected. Counting room, board, and salaries for a 15-member faculty that includes eight Ph.D.s, per pupil educational costs at N.C.S.S.M will be about $6,000 —nearly three times the average statewide per pupil expenditure. Private industry has so far pledged about $1 million to help pay for costly lab equipment.

The most expensive feature, and the most unusual for a public high school, is the residential plan, which Director Charles R. Eilber describes as the key to the educational experiment. Says he: "We don't put the kids on the bus at 3:30 p.m. The computer room can go full blast until 10 p.m."

Though it was attacked as elitist by some educational officials in North Carolina, the school managed to win endorsement from the state legislature. Recalls the Governor: "I pushed it because I'm concerned about the loss in productivity in American industry and the loss of our competitive edge in the whole technological field. At the high school level, we simply are not doing the best job we can do."

Faculty are chosen for a complete mastery of their subjects, plus an ability to talk about values. Students are offered a range of seven algebra and calculus courses. They must take at least one course each in physics, chemistry and biology, plus interdisciplinary American studies dealing with history and culture Writing is studied and practiced in special seminar groups.

So far there are no formal interscholastic team sports. Students tend to play brain games like Dungeons & Dragons, or fool around with one of N.C.S.S.M.'s four computers. Boys and girls live in separate dorms and have no visiting privileges in one another's rooms. All students must be in their dorms by 10 p.m "They're all risk takers here," says Dean of Academic Affairs Cecily Cannan Selby. "They gave up football and girlfriends and being cock of the walk for an unknown challenge." So far only one student has withdrawn—because of homesickness. ■

Scott Johnson, Teri Bufmeyre and Carolyn Knowlton at work on microcomputers

Giving up football, girlfriends and being cock of the walk for an unknown challenge.

Manhattan co-op apartments on Fifth Avenue

Three-story townhouses

A three-bedroom suburban dwelling

A mobile home for two persons

Condominiums near the beach

Economy & Business

Housing Shuffle

Years of low home construction lead to shortages

The bellwether housing industry is once again poised for a painful plunge. As the nation's economy grew by a modest 1% between July and September, home building enjoyed a mild rebound from a steep drop it suffered last spring. But the new run-up in mortgage rates, which has pushed the cost of money to 14.5% in California and New York City, has left millions of home buyers anxiously waiting once again for the cost of money or the price of houses to come down. Says Merrill Butler, president of the National Association of Home Builders: "This was the shortest recovery in the history of the industry."

During the past year, housing has taken some of the heaviest blows from the recession. After the Federal Reserve sharply tightened credit in March, mortgage rates soared to a high of 17% in some areas. As a result, housing starts, which two years ago were running at an annual rate of 2 million, dropped to 900,000 in May. When interest rates on home loans fell to about 12% during the summer, customers again began shopping for new homes. Housing starts rose in September to an annual level of 1.5 million, but the increase stemmed largely from new construction on federally subsidized apartments that builders had to get under way before Sept. 30, when the Government closed the books on its fiscal year. For the first nine months of the year, housing starts lagged a dismal 32% behind 1979.

The sluggish housing market is not only a bad omen for the current health of the economy; it is also a sure sign of more trouble to come. Because of years of insufficient construction, the U.S. has developed an acute shortage of moderately priced housing. More and more members of the baby-boom generation are now moving into the prime home-buying age group. Divorce, single-person households and the great migration of people to the Sunbelt and the Northwest have placed further strains on the existing housing supply.

The U.S. needs an estimated 2.4 million new dwellings annually to meet demand, but only once in the past five years, in 1978, has the housing industry come even close to that mark. Michael Sumicrast, chief economist of the National Association of Home Builders, predicts that only 1.2 million new housing units will be built this year, the lowest number since 1975. Says James Christian, senior economist of the United States League of Savings Associations: "We are starting the decade about 1 million units a year short. We will have tough years ahead. Marriages will have to be postponed, and young people will have to double up with families. There is little short-term prospect for closing the gap in the housing deficit."

The beleaguered industry's problems immediately hit consumers when they start looking for a new home. In Long Beach, Calif., for instance, Susan and Tom Ragan last week bought a modest two-bedroom house for $71,950. Hardly proud of his new domicile, Ragan says dejectedly: "We're just going to have to live in a place we don't really want." In Milwaukee, Jean and Ron Ross have been hoping to sell the duplex unit they have owned since 1972 in order to trade up to a detached house. Even though the value of their home has gone from $30,000 to $75,000, they are no closer to the house of their dreams than they were eight years ago. Says Ross: "It's depressing that we could spend $100,000 and still not get what we want."

Just as Americans are learning that they will have to pay stiff prices for the new small, fuel-efficient cars Detroit is now producing, consumers are also discovering that they must cough up lots of money for less glamorous living accommodations. Housing today often means unfinished rooms, small condominium apartments and mobile homes

Dream houses are still being built, but they often carry price tags that drive away all but the super-rich. In Washington, D.C., about 115 new houses will be constructed in the next five years on the 27-acre estate once owned by Nelson Rockefeller. Though the houses are only 30 ft. apart on the average, and prices start at $457,000, 24 of them have already been sold. In California, Jerry Buss, owner of the Los Angeles Lakers basketball team and the Los Angeles Kings hockey team, paid $5.4 million last month for the 22-room mansion once owned by Movie Star Mary Pickford. Buss estimates that he will have to spend another $1 million sprucing up the place.

People of more modest means who are searching for a detached house in the suburbs must sometimes settle for depressingly spartan structures. To hold down prices, one major builder in Gwinnett County, Ga., 20 miles north of Atlanta, sells $70,000 houses with up to one-third of the interior space unfinished. Owners can complete the rooms later,

when they have the money. Bathroom and kitchen floors are covered with vinyl instead of tile, and closets have sliding doors made out of a light plastic material rather than wood. Boston Builder Anthony Lapuma has turned out the first half dozen of what he calls "workingman's specials." The Cape Cod–style houses sell for $49,900, but the second floor, which is big enough for a large bedroom and small bathroom, is completely unfinished.

Another new cost-cutting innovation sweeping the country is the California-inspired "great room," a substitute for both the living room and the family room. For privacy's sake, living rooms traditionally are cut off from other rooms in a house by a hallway, staircase or dining room. The great room, however, opens directly onto every other room in the house. This saves the construction cost of building a hallway. Says Daniel W. Miller, an Orlando, Fla., real estate consultant: "Hallways are the result of lazy architects, and the days of the formal living room and dining room are numbered, except for the very affluent."

Many Americans, however, are deciding that they can no longer afford the detached house that has long been the standard family living unit in the U.S. Instead, they are moving into town houses or condominiums, which make better use of land and are also more fuel efficient. Four or five town houses can be placed on the land needed for one detached house; and, since the dwellings have only two or three sides exposed to the weather, they use much less energy. This fall, 15% of all new housing on the market is condominiums, as compared with only 11.6% a year ago. In older cities, apartment houses like one opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Manhattan are being purchased by their residents and converted to sometimes stunning co-ops. Meanwhile, town houses with community yards, swimming pools and tennis courts are springing up in places like Alexandria, Va., and outside Atlanta. But the prices are not low. Condominiums in one Santa Monica, Calif., development range from $240,000 to $520,000.

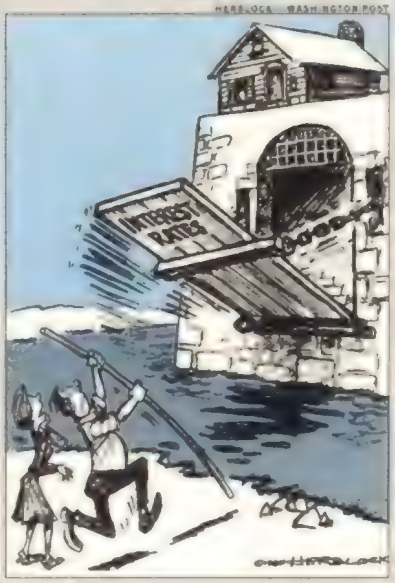
Other people looking for cheaper shelter are moving into mobile homes or "manufactured housing," as promoters now call them. Despite high interest rates and the hostility of many local zoning boards, mobile-home construction is strong. Sales in Florida have gone from 14,000 in 1977 to a projected 30,000 this year. A large, comfortable two-bedroom mobile home will cost about $20,000. Some 90% of them are bought for a permanent homesite, and owners have no intention of towing them behind their pickup trucks.

Mobile homes are now more welcome in many areas. California and several other states have changed their laws to allow mobile-home manufacturers to transport 14-ft.-wide units on highways previously limited to 12-ft. ones. California also no longer taxes mobile homes as vehicles, but permits local communities to assess property taxes. Sydney Adler, a Bradenton, Fla., mobile-home community developer, says that mobile homes have achieved such acceptance that many financial institutions in the Sunbelt are giving buyers 25-year mortgages with 20% down payments.

Despite all the new cost-cutting innovations, however, the housing industry still cannot keep up with the population growth. During the 1980s a record 42 million people will reach their 30s, the heaviest house-buying years. That is 10 million more than during the 1970s. For many of them, the detached house in suburbia will be only a fading mirage. For them, the era of lowered expectations will mean less house for more money. —*By Edward E. Scharff*

Creative Home Financing

New homeowners these days often feel that getting a mortgage is akin to getting mugged. Soaring interest rates and skyrocketing housing costs mean that fewer and fewer people can qualify for the traditional fixed-interest 30-year loan. As a result, bankers and mortgage brokers are busy devising new financing gimmicks that give more people a chance to buy homes. At the same time the conventional home loan may be on the way out. Says Ronald A. Wilbur, president of the New Hampshire Association of Savings Banks: "The fixed-rate, 30-year mortgage is more than likely a thing of the past." Some of the innovative new financing schemes:



"Oh, oh—there it goes again"

Graduated Payment Mortgages. These plans allow low monthly charges in the early years of the loan and then higher ones later, when the family breadwinner presumably will have a better income. The monthly payment on a $50,000 loan at 12%, for example, might be $396, or $118 lower than normal at the time the mortgage starts, but by the sixth year it would be $568, or $54 higher. These loans have become increasingly popular, but many families may find that their incomes do not rise as fast as their payments. Warns Atlanta Real Estate Broker Alma Fuller: "This kind of mortgage is fine for a doctor just going into practice, but in general it's a very dangerous way to go."

Variable or Renegotiable-Rate Mortgages. Payments under these plans are adjusted periodically to reflect the general level of interest rates in the economy. Under federal rules, the charge can go up or down by only half a percentage point per year up to a maximum of five points over the life of the loan. Many home buyers find such mortgages attractive because they do not want to be tied into a 13% or 14% loan for 30 years—in case interest rates some day fall back to 6% or so. But buyers having variable interest mortgages also run the risk that rising rates will push their loan payments still higher.

Owner Financing. Thousands of frustrated home buyers are now bypassing the bank and borrowing money directly from the person selling the house. Owners often find that this type of financing is the only way they can sell their houses because so many potential buyers cannot qualify for bank loans. The buyer, for example, might borrow half the needed money from the owner at 8% interest and the rest from a bank at 14%.

Shared Appreciation Mortgages. The New York brokerage house of Oppenheimer & Co. has promoted this arrangement, whereby the borrower receives a mortgage rate that is one-third lower than the prevailing level, for example 9% rather than 14%. But the borrower must agree to give the lender one-third of the profits from the eventual sale of the house. Bankers predict that such plans, which are already popular in Florida, will soon become common elsewhere.

All of these methods of creative financing have risks or drawbacks. But one of these plans is often the only way that people are able to own either a dream castle or a one-bedroom condominium.

Jobless Muddle

Anger over $1.6 billion

Clarence Murphy, 35, a Michigan trucker who hauls cars for the auto industry and has been periodically out of work for much of this year as a result of the nationwide slowdown in car sales, had a question for Jimmy Carter at a campaign town meeting earlier this month in Flint. Why is it, he asked, that the Federal Government gives generous unemployment retraining and compensation benefits to autoworkers who lose their jobs because of rising imports, while other workers, like himself, who are being laid off because of the same auto-industry slump get nothing? Carter eventually invited Murphy to the White House to explain that including workers like him in the program was simply "too costly." Both the question and the answer highlighted the inequities that abound in one of Washington's most confusing and costly unemployment programs, the so-called Trade Adjustment Assistance, or TAA.

Some 520,000 workers currently qualify for the federal payments as part of the TAA program. These payments can be as high as $269 a week and last up to 18 months. Started in 1962, TAA initially gave a cash payment to any worker who lost his job as a direct result of U.S. Government trade concessions that led to an increase in foreign imports. In 1974 Congress substantially relaxed the qualifications for recipients and boosted the size of the aid.

The beneficiaries of TAA range all the way from coal and textile workers to shoemakers and electronics-industry workers. But most attention is now focused on the nation's recession-ravaged steelworkers and autoworkers. American steelmen began qualifying for benefits in large numbers when foreign steel started pouring into the U.S. in the mid-1970s. More recently, the Labor Department has been ruling that rising automobile imports are hurting U.S. carmakers, thus opening the way for claims from laid-off autoworkers. In Michigan alone, some 150,000 autoworkers have already filed for benefits, while perhaps 220,000 more have applied from elsewhere around the country.

Yet workers like Murphy, who have been laid off by firms indirectly affected by the rise in imports, cannot qualify for aid. That sometimes arbitrary exclusion can produce bizarre results. Kenneth McMillan, a seven-year veteran of the McLouth Steel plant outside Detroit, which supplies sheet metal to the auto industry, was let go by his employer on March 11, but he has been unable to qualify for TAA benefits. Reason: even though a steelman, who thus might have qualified if foreign imported steel had hurt his company, McMillan lost his job because of imported cars instead. Complains his wife bitterly: "The denial of benefits stinks. As far as I'm concerned, we have just as much right to the money as the autoworkers. After all, the cars get made out of steel, don't they?"

A bill now in Congress would broaden the program to include the whole panoply of suppliers whose workers do not currently qualify for assistance. The measure would add perhaps as much as $1.2 billion annually to a program that is already racing out of control. In the past twelve months, expenditures have leaped from $259 million to $1.6 billion.

Instead of a blanket inclusion in the program of all suppliers, the Carter Administration wants a more modest, and less costly, reform. This would extend coverage only to suppliers of actual, essential components. What is more, such companies would have to show that at least 50% of their output had been going to the firm being directly hit by the import competition.

DAVID FRANKLIN

Unhappy Trucker Clarence Murphy

"The denial of benefits stinks."

In the past ten years the number of federal programs like TAA that have been designed to ease the pain of joblessness, spur retraining and supplement the assistance provided under existing unemployment programs has swelled from nine to 18. There are now, for example, special programs for out-of-work West Coast lumber mill hands, ones to locate jobs for unemployed railroad workers, and a new program to find employment for airline employees who are let go as a result of deregulation. The mishmash of programs clearly needs a thorough reexamination rather than just some further tinkering. ■

The Cable King

A TV merger for Westinghouse

Cable television, the transmission of TV signals by wire instead of through the air, may still be in its infancy, but it is growing fast. Some 17 million subscribers, who are concentrated primarily in big cities, now use the system. That is an increase of 12.7 million since 1970. Moreover, experts predict that cable TV, which will enable the viewer to receive up to 150 channels of programming, will some day be part of the home entertainment center for families across the U.S. Cable firms are thus jockeying into position in expectation of the fierce battle that will determine which company will dominate the field. Westinghouse, the second largest U.S. electrical-equipment maker and a top non-network broadcaster, took a giant step in that direction last week by announcing its intention to acquire Teleprompter Corp., the U.S.'s leading operator of cable TV, for $646 million. In addition to its cable franchises, Teleprompter also owns 50% of Showtime, a pay-TV entertainment network, and Muzak.

Several of the larger cable TV companies have already teamed up with major corporations in order to get the huge capital outlays necessary to bring in new subscribers and to develop programming for television. Time Inc., the second largest cable TV operator, acquired American Television and Communications Corp. in 1978; and American Express Co. last year bought a 50% interest in Warner Communications' cable TV division, which is the fifth largest cable TV company. Explains Teleprompter Chairman Jack Kent Cooke: "Cable TV is into the big money era. Without a very rich grandfather, you can't keep up."

The purchase of Teleprompter is a welcome new opening for Westinghouse. The cash-rich company has not made a major corporate acquisition in more than ten years, and Westinghouse will have the advantage of moving into a field that it already knows. The company now owns five VHF television channels, one UHF station, seven AM radio stations and four FM radio outlets. It also syndicates to other TV stations such programs as the *John Davidson Show* and *PM Magazine*. The firm, however, has almost reached the maximum number of television and radio stations that the Federal Communications Commission will permit any company to own. Westinghouse thus had to find a new field for expansion in broadcasting. At least for now, the Teleprompter merger will make Westinghouse the king of the cable TV mountain. ■

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ONLY ONE ULTRA LOW TAR HAS IT.

ONLY 6 mg tar

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

8 mg "tar", 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

SPORTS CAT

One look at the 1981 Cougar XR-7, and you'll know it's not a car like everyone else's.

Its classic profile and sporty styling set it apart from the crowd. And your Cougar XR-7 can be just as individual as you are, with options like TR-type tires, cast aluminum wheels, and a special suspension. Sporty Recaro seats. Keyless entry system.

Convertible-look carriage roof. Cassette stereo with Dolby* NR. And your choice of three engines: the 3.3 liter 6,* or optional 4.2 and 5.0 liter V-8s ...both available with Automatic Overdrive Transmission. The 1981 Cougar XR-7. What starts out as a very special Cat becomes even more special when it's tailored to you.

COUGAR XR-7 FROM LINCOLN-MERCURY

The standard engine/drive train is rated 18 EPA EST. MPG, 24 EST. HWY. Compare to estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage probably lower.

COUGAR XR-7
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION
Ford

CLASS CAT

Finally, there's a fuel-efficient, 4-door car that gives you more than bland practicality. It brings you the unmistakable style and heritage of the Cougar XR-7.

Introducing the Cougar 4-door.

It's a mid-sized car with the luxury of a full-sized car. Enjoy elegant space and tailored appointments like the optional Twin Comfort Lounge seats. Leather-wrapped steering wheel.

Premium Sound Systems. And many other options. With the standard engine and automatic transmission required on Cougar with LS option (shown below), the new Cougar is rated at 22* EPA EST. MPG, 31 EST. HWY. The 1981 Cougar 4-door. A 4-door car is one thing. But a Cougar is another.

COUGAR FROM LINCOLN-MERCURY

*Compare to estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage probably lower.

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FRANK SINATRA

FAYE DUNAWAY

THE FIRST DEADLY SIN

ELLIOTT KASTNER PRESENTS AN ARTANIS-CINEMA VII PRODUCTION

STARRING JAMES WHITMORE DAVID DUKES
BRENDA VACCARO MARTIN GABEL AND ANTHONY ZERBE

DIRECTED BY BRIAN HUTTON SCREENPLAY BY MANN RUBIN FROM THE NOVEL BY LAWRENCE SANDERS
MUSIC BY GORDON JENKINS PRODUCED BY GEORGE PAPPAS & MARK SHANKER

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS FRANK SINATRA & ELLIOTT KASTNER
COLOR BY MOVIELAB CAMERA EQUIPMENT BY PANAVISION RELEASED BY [illegible] PICTURES

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OPENS OCTOBER 24TH AT A THEATRE OR DRIVE-IN NEAR YOU.

Traders Play the China Card

Big deals for Big Business in a big new market

Outdoor advertising in the People's Republic of China was once mainly brisk quotations from the works of Chairman Mao mixed with exhortations to work harder for the victory of Socialism. These days the billboard messages might be promotions for such American consumer products as Kodak film and Marlboro cigarettes.

The American ads are vivid evidence of the impressive pace at which U.S. trade with the People's Republic is growing in everything from bread baking equipment to jet planes. Since the normalization of relations in 1978, trade between the two nations has leaped from $1.1 billion to this year's projected $4 billion. Commerce Department officials estimate that by 1985 U.S. trade with China will reach at least $10 billion annually, in contrast with $7 billion or less for the U.S.S.R. The most promising exports from the U.S. to China are agricultural products, which now make up more than half of total U.S. sales, and sophisticated industrial equipment.

Signs of the American trade connection are in many places. In Shanghai, ships of the American President Line unload bales of American raw cotton. In the southwestern province of Sichuan, preparations are under way for an oil drill bit plant to be built under a $50 million contract with the Hughes Tool Co. In the coastal Fujian province, the state-owned Amoy Cigarette Co. will soon be producing Camels under an agreement with the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. In Peking, Bank of America will open a branch in a two-story brick building that was part of the U.S. legation office before the Communist takeover in 1949.

In all, some 50 American companies have set up small but bustling offices in Peking. The throngs of arriving American businessmen, intermingling with the flood of foreign tourists, have made hotel rooms in Peking as scarce, and as expensive, as old jade. If any delegations arrive without confirmed space, they sometimes have to wait for hours while their hosts dispatch messengers to various hotels to snap up rooms as they become vacant. In the coffee shop of the Peking Hotel, the only such Western-style watering hole in town, businessmen often gather to chew over deals in progress and grouse about prices, which for foreigners tend to run two to three times the levels charged the Chinese for everything from restaurant meals to plane tickets.

Businessmen say that one of the biggest frustrations is dealing with its slow and inefficient bureaucracy. Making a deal can often turn out to be an exercise in tedium and sometimes end in disappointment as well. Chase Manhattan Bank last month experienced such problems when its agreement to finance a $250 million trade center in Peking abruptly fell through. The contract was seemingly scrapped after the Peking city government became embroiled in a dispute with China's Ministry of Foreign Trade over the cost of the venture.

But patience and stubbornness pay off eventually. Last week American negotiators were wrapping up final details on an agreement for the Chinese to buy up to 9 million tons of wheat and corn annually for three years. Says Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland: "This is an indication that the Chinese intend to be a major customer for U.S. exports."

China and the U.S. have also agreed to resume regularly scheduled air service between the two countries after an interruption of 31 years, and last week the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board recommended that Pan Am be granted the right to conduct three flights a week. The Chinese national airline will likewise fly the trans-Pacific route three times a week.

The business exchange between China and the U.S. also flows from east to west. Approximately 100 Chinese trade delegations visit the U.S. every month in search of deals and sometimes just information about American technology. A typical group is the nine-man committee of Chinese construction officials and architects that has been jetting from New York City to Dallas to San Francisco inspecting construction techniques. This is part of a contract with California's Welton Becket architectural firm for a new 1,000-room hotel in Peking that will start going up in November. The first Chinese trade exhibit is also now touring the U.S. It started in San Francisco in September and was visited by 250,000 people. This week it will open in Chicago, and in early December it moves to New York.

Despite the complications and the cost of doing business in China, American businessmen are still showing great interest in that new market of roughly a billion people. The Chinese government's drive to improve its people's diets and to provide them with a better standard of living offers the U.S. a major new outlet for both agricultural and high-technology products. ■

A Kodak billboard in a Peking bike lot

As a Chinese pedals past, the Marlboro man advertises American cigarettes

The biggest frustration of doing business is dealing with a slow, inefficient bureaucracy.

Fat Times for Fancy Foods

Gourmets galore are eager to tickle their taste buds

It must take more than a recession to dampen demand for English rhubarb and fig preserves or reindeer meatballs from Norway. Though inflation has forced supermarket shoppers to cut corners and frantically clip coupons, gourmet food shops that cater to the sophisticated palate have never been busier.

Boston's venerable Malben's, which stocks more than 5,000 items, including 70 or so different cheeses and eight brands of fresh coffee beans, reports annual sales gains of 15% to 20% with no signs of a slowdown. In New York City, the Todaro Bros. specialty shop for imported pasta, meat and cheese has just doubled in size. Lenox Square, one of Atlanta's tonier shopping centers, has just added a whole corridor of gourmet stores like The Best of Europe, which is run by a Czechoslovakian couple and features ten kinds of sausages, as well as ten salamis, and homemade sauerkraut. Even Sears has concluded that the heartland is ready for its version of *haute cuisine*. The company's Christmas catalogue this year has 14 pages of ads for such delicacies as Yugoslavian ham and Manzanilla olives tucked in alongside the ads for pantsuits and power tools.

The gourmet business is obviously prospering on the small clientele that is willing to pay $30 per lb. for Scotch salmon or $345 for a 14-oz. tin of fresh Russian Beluga caviar. But the shops are also attracting large numbers of middle class customers who believe food is more than just fuel.

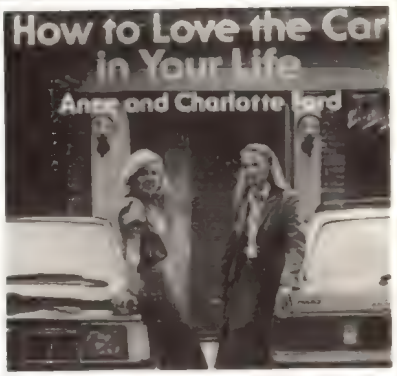
Gourmets of moderate means often scrimp on basic foods like breakfast cereals so that they can splurge on exotica. Jamail's, the premier gourmet store in Houston, offers this kind of shopper a spectrum of choices from Van Camp's pork and beans to shark meat *pâté*. Moreover, epicurean dining need not be exorbitant. Fine Italian pasta at $2.10 per lb. makes a cheaper meal than American beef tenderloin at about $4 per lb. Says Frank Cloudt, who owns a gourmet grocery in Atlanta: "People would rather have an exquisite beef stew than a mediocre steak."

Gourmet shops have also benefited from the trend toward two-income families. When the husband and wife come home too tired to cook and yet unwilling to pay inflated restaurant prices, they often pick up dinner at gourmet shop takeout counters. At Pasta, Pasta, Pasta in Los Angeles, a family of four can walk out with a freshly made lasagna dinner for $8.95. A comparable meal in a restaurant could cost $50. Le Marmiton in Santa Monica sells provisions for the perfect picnic. Its Basket for Two Lovers, for example, includes cold sirloin in aspic and a salad of mushrooms in olive oil, garlic and lemon juice.

Much of the appeal of gourmet foods lies in the gracious ambience of the shops. The typical store is still small, family operated and full of friendly aromas and advice. For this reason, shop owners do not fear competition from Sears and supermarkets that are also starting to stock epicurean items. Says Dutch-born Dirk Ten-Bosch, who owns Maison Gourmet in Atlanta: "People come here because they like to be featherbedded. I mean pampered." ■

Epicurean shoppers at Jim Jamail & Sons in Houston walk out with the shark meat *pâté*

"People would rather have an exquisite beef stew than a mediocre steak."



Glossy tips on driving and motoring etiquette

Vroom, Baby!

Ford courts the ladies

Detroit has a long tradition of condescending to women. Advertising and even the cars themselves are often designed to be strong statements of masculinity. When automakers bothered with women at all, they usually came up with gimmicks like the "La Femme" Dodge with parasols to match the seat covers.

Now the Ford Motor Co. has suddenly discovered that women have enormous influence in the auto marketplace. According to company research, women last year bought 39% of all new cars sold in the U.S. Writes the awed company in a marketing brief just sent to dealers: "The same dainty little hand that pushes the shopping cart has a viselike grip on the economic pulse of the nation."

Ford's studies showed that 46% of licensed drivers are women and that they prefer to drive small cars. So the company has belatedly decided to pitch some of its selling at the ladies. Many Mustang ads now show a pretty blond sitting behind the wheel, while a white stallion capers subliminally in the background. Ford told its dealers that women are more open to trying new products and much more concerned than men about gas mileage, dealer service and pickup. It also instructed dealers to stop patronizing women, suggesting instead that they "talk to women as you would to any young-thinking, intelligent people."

Another ploy to move the new Ford Escorts and Mercury Lynxes out of the back lots is a 60-page paperback called *How to Love the Car in Your Life*, written by Anne and Charlotte Ford, the jet-set daughters of Henry II. They dispense tips on driving, traveling and motoring etiquette, and provide a glossary to take the mystery out of automotive innards. A lot of men might profitably read it too.

Whatever the sales pitch, something now seems to be working better for Detroit. Helped by the introduction of the new Chrysler K-cars, Escorts and Lynxes, auto sales were up 11.6% for the first ten days of October. ■

Cleanliness may be next to godliness. But in some Dutch harbors, it was next to impossible.

The well-known feeling of the Dutch for cleanliness didn't stop at the water's edge.

And what they saw in some of their harbors was disconcerting, to say the least.

Every time that a ship pumped water out of its bilge, there was a good chance waste oil would be pumped out with it.

The result was a worrisome oil slick—a slick spreading over many of the world's harbors these days.

(Indeed, back in 1973 an international maritime ruling called on ships everywhere to monitor their oil waste, to avoid worries like these.)

What to do? Some of the people of ITT came up with an ingenious answer—an optical fiber device that carefully "watches" a ship's bilge water.

A laser beam scans the bilge waste being pumped out. And if the oil levels are too high, an alarm goes off.

So, the pumping can be stopped.

Our ITT device was the first anywhere to be government certified, meeting the required performance standards for this urgent monitoring task.

Obviously, no one expects to unpollute the world's harbors overnight.

But the least we can do is give it a good, clean try.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

Jacques Dutronc in *Every Man for Himself*: Part of Jean-Luc Godard's mental landscape

Ghost Sonata

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF
Directed by Jean-Luc Godard
Screenplay by Anne-Marie Mieville and Jean-Claude Carrière

For two decades, Jean-Luc Godard has been cinema's master of collage. His films assemble scraps of dust-jacket wisdom, revolutionary rhetoric, sexual aggression, the music and the language of the streets, images from books, TV, magazines and billboards, forming a mosaic that melds the graphic wit of a Braque guitar with the anarchic intensity of a kidnaper's ransom note. In *Every Man for Himself*, the first Godard film to be distributed in the U.S. since 1972, he has tried to make an accessible movie while still speaking in his steely, ironic voice. But Godard will not be compromised. The collagist keeps us at a distance. The movie screen is impenetrable.

Until 1960, film was primarily a representational art. Then Godard and his fellow iconoclasts suspended disbelief like a taut high wire across which his characters danced and ambled, and sometimes fell off. There are "people" in *Every Man*, including a TV producer named Paul Godard (Jacques Dutronc), his co-worker and ex-mistress Denise (Nathalie Baye), and her friend Isabelle (Isabelle Huppert), who works as a prostitute and has a short session with Paul. But they are not "real people." They are figures in the desolate landscape of Godard's mind. They have materialized to illustrate his deepest, bleakest conception of man and woman, the childish brute and the soul survivor.

What propels virtually every Godard male into treating women as a caveman would a woolly mammoth? Is it fear or loathing? *Every Man* is a catalogue of bestiality. A seedy businessman orchestrates a four-person roundelay of sexual degradation. A man casually asks Paul: Have you ever thought about sodomizing your eleven-year-old daughter? Later, Paul verbally flogs the girl with sexual epithets. This is man, Godard is saying; I am man. Give credit where it is due: Godard has no fear of exposing himself on film. "Paul Godard" (his father's name) is an admitted self-portrait, a skull with the mandible still moving, and serpents slinking out of the eye sockets.

The Godard female has often been a prostitute. She expresses his vision of every man-woman relationship, and serves as a metaphor for the personal film maker in a tawdry art-industry. But Isabelle, in *Every Man*, exists simply to endure: to suffer the indignities of venal clients, and to survive with her mystery intact. She is a modern, unsentimental version of the silent-screen innocent who is noble not because of what she does but because of what men do to her. She is touched—indeed, pawed and probed—but never moved. And that is her revenge on the male of the species.

The credits announce that this is "a film composed by Jean-Luc Godard." *Every Man* is shaped in the form of a sonata, with thematic variations expressed through recurring images and lines of dialogue. But this is a ghost sonata, and the specter is that of the old (young) Godard, the director of *Breathless* and *Weekend*, who dazzled cinephiles with his visual fecundity and youthful wit. His new film, however confessional, seems clinically detached. Its heartbeat is irregular and indistinct, like signals from a dying star on the other side of the universe. And its message for the human race seems to be: every man for himself, and Godard against all. —**By Richard Corliss**

Right Angles

IT'S MY TURN
Directed by Claudia Weill
Screenplay by Eleanor Bergstein

It's My Turn confirms what *Starting Over* suggested: that Jill Clayburgh is Hollywood's most adorable klutz. Her skinny limbs jut out at odd angles, like folding yardsticks. Her face seems the work of an impish sculptor who added an Emmett Kelly nose to those handsome features. Her hair has declared war on itself. She hunches over her food as if protecting it from invaders, and swallows champagne in one gulp, as if it had an egg in it. She moves like an awkward little girl who in her mid-30s is still Daddy's favorite. She is very dear.

Kate Gunzinger (Clayburgh), a Chicago math professor, is at a crossroads in her professional and personal life. Does she accept a more prestigious position in New York and leave her amiable goof of a lover (Charles Grodin)? Does she commit herself to a charmingly direct ex-baseball player (Michael Douglas)? Both men try to help her decide, but it's her turn. Does she go left, right or back to Square 1? Curiously, the movie sees Kate not so much at a turning point as jogging on a treadmill where you meet the nicest people. For this reason, the film could serve as the basis for a superior sitcom.

If *It's My Turn* were a triple-A ball player, the scouting report might read: "Excellent singles hitter, moderate speed, covers a lot of ground, good prospect for the majors." Screenwriter Bergstein has a flair for funny lines that arise from the characters, and Director Weill has drawn fine performances from a large, likable cast. Some movies show, others reveal. *It's My Turn* is a minor revelation. —**R.C.**

Clayburgh and Douglas in *It's My Turn*
Left? Right? Or back to Square 1?

People

Though not one to stand on ceremony, Author **Norman Mailer,** 57, is planning three: a marriage, a divorce and a marriage, in unceremoniously quick succession. The self-described "champion of obscenity, wise father of six [now eight] children and husband of four battling sweet wives" was recently granted his long-contested divorce from sweet wife No. 4, **Beverly Bentley,** 50. Now he intends to marry Jazz Singer **Carol Stevens,** 50, with whom he lived from 1969 to 1974, then divorce her and wed former Model **Norris Church,** 31, his live-in companion of the past five years. But all for the most conventional of reasons: to legitimize Maggie, his nine-year-old daughter by Carol, and John Buffalo, his two-year-old son by Norris. "It *is* a bit disconcerting," Church admits. "But I understand why he feels he must do this. I have complete faith in Norman's wanting to do the right thing by Carol, by Maggie, by me, by John Buffalo and himself."

■

"... he entered the room and closed the door behind him. He moved so quickly that his mouth was on mine before either of us could speak ... I knew perfectly well that, whatever adjustments or deceits must inevitably follow, the strange man beside me, more than my husband, owned me." Another steamy Hollywood confession? Indeed, and also another titillating chapter in the ever expanding Kennedy legend. This time the protagonist is not Lady-Killer **Jack,** but **Joseph Sr.,** family patriarch. In her soon-to-be-published autobiography, *Swanson on Swanson,* former Movie Queen **Gloria Swanson,** 81, describes a 1927-29 liaison with the elder Kennedy, a business partner in many of her films. The affair destroyed her marriage to the **Marquis de la Falaise,** she reports, and nearly ended Kennedy's to **Rose.** The impending scandal, writes Swanson, led Boston's late **William Cardinal O'Connell** to beg her to end the affair. "Each time you see him becomes an occasion of sin for him," the Cardinal warned. That did not especially impress either of them. When the two finally fell out, it was over a less spiritual matter—money.

OSCAR ABO-AFIA

Norman Mailer with Norris Church, in line to be wife No. 6

GREENWOOD—GAMMA L.A. SON

Seacomber Frick raises the *Pinta;* next month, the real thing

THOMAS VICTOR

Palmer with a portrait of Bernhardt, the role she could not refuse

■

Exactly 100 years ago, **Sarah Bernhardt,** legendary mistress of melodrama, arrived in America demanding to see the Indians. "She was very disappointed, but she fell in love with the country," says Actress **Lilli Palmer,** who is preparing to return to Broadway this winter, for the first time in a quarter-century, in the title role of **Ruth Wolf's** *Sarah in America.* "I hadn't opened a script for 26 years," says Palmer, now a successful novelist *(The Red Raven),* living in Switzerland. "I wanted a clean break after my divorce [from Actor **Rex Harrison**], and I thought that any new play would be a rehash of something I had done." Not *Sarah.* During the course of the show, the 66-year-old actress will age from 36 to 74, lose a leg, walk on the back of a whale and nearly drown in Niagara Falls. Says a slightly apprehensive Palmer: "I decided it would be cowardly to refuse this."

■

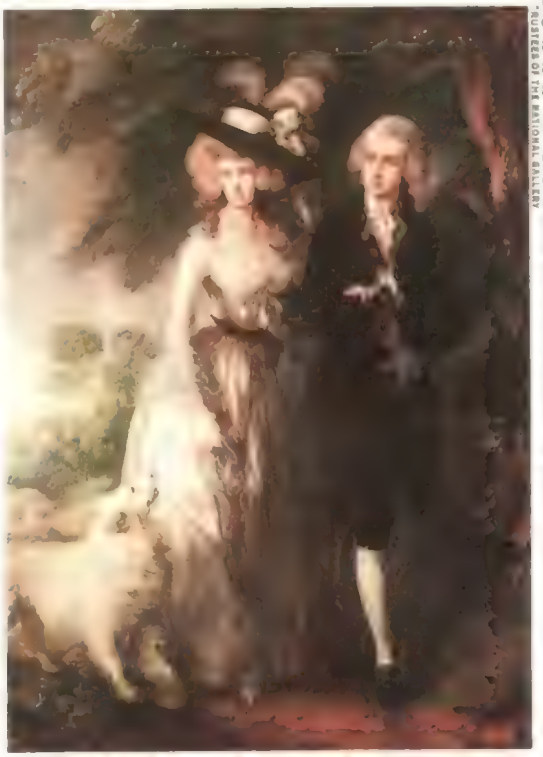
In 1975 **Olin Frick** told his friend **John Gasque** to quit playing sandlot baseball and chasing girls, and instead help him search for sunken treasure. Gasque, then a physicist by profession, agreed—a decision he will never regret. Plumbing the waters around the West Indies, Gasque, 30, and Frick, 46, have discovered two 19th century ships, about $250,000 in gold, Ming dynasty china and pearls, and a seemingly worthless old wreck that may turn out to be the most precious find of all. The ship, discovered two years ago in 30 ft. of clear water 60 miles north of Haiti, is, according to a growing number of scholars, Christopher Columbus' *Pinta,* sister ship to the *Nina* and the flagship *Santa Maria,* which is believed to have sunk in a hurricane, eight years after the discovery of North America in 1492. Frick and his partner hope to verify that theory by raising the galleon intact—a six-month process they will begin next month. —*By Claudia Wallis*

Laureate of the Ruling Classes

In London, a delightful retrospective of Gainsborough

Thomas Gainsborough was the most popular portraitist in 18th century England, and the English still love him: in every way, the big Gainsborough retrospective now on view at London's Tate Gallery is a ceremony of national taste. Organized by Art Historian John Hayes, it traces Gainsborough's career from his beginnings as apprentice painter of homespun Suffolk dignitaries to his apotheosis as the most popular and sought-after portraitist of the Georgian ruling classes. There are more than 150 paintings and drawings, although some of his best-known work—like the *Blue Boy*, or the exquisite portrait, *Mr and Mrs. Robert Andrews*, in the National Gallery, London—has not been included. It is a delightful show, and thoroughly accessible

It would be hard for any but the most committed Gainsborough enthusiast (and they exist) to rank him equal to those two pillars of English vision, John Constable and J.M.W. Turner. He did not have Constable's deep, poetic curiosity about the facts of landscape; still less did he rise to Turner's heights of sublimity or audacity of color. But both painters admired him. "Soothing, tender and affecting," Constable called Gainsborough's landscapes. "His object was to deliver a fine sentiment, and he has fully accomplished it . . . The stillness of noon, the depths of twilight, and the dews and pearls of the morning, are all to be found on the canvases of this most benevolent and kindhearted man. On looking at them, we find tears in our eyes, and know not what brings them."



The Morning Walk, a portrait of Elizabeth and William Hallett

By temperament Gainsborough was an ideal society portraitist. "His conversation was sprightly, but licentious," one of his friends remembered. "The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour . . . so far from writing, [he] scarcely ever read a book—but, for a letter to an intimate friend, he had few equals." He loved music, and entertained his friends by playing the harpsichord and the viola da gamba. "Liberal, thoughtless, and dissipated," he called himself, and admired (without particularly envying it) the application of sturdier and more evenminded talents like that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the president of the Royal Academy. "Painting & Punctuality mix like Oil & Vinegar," he reflected

Effervescent, mildly rakish and not given to introspection, Gainsborough was a far cry from the intractability of other, more intense painters: he possessed, to a fault, the knack of not threatening the client, either by critical insight or expressive force. When he settled in Bath in 1759, he was determined to be the mirror of the upper 5% of England, the *gratin* who came there to take the waters, exchange scandal in the Pump Room and pursue their intrigues, sexual and fiscal, in the ambit of the great country houses of Wiltshire and Somerset. This was not a vocation for a social critic. Gainsborough completely shared the values of the class he depicted. If that made his portraits a little monotonous in social tone, it helped save them from the hateful obsequiousness of modern society painting. For Gainsborough was his own man: not a grand one, but not a toady or a leech either. "Damn Gentlemen," he once wrote. "There is not such a set of Enemies, to a real Artist, in the world as they are . . . But I, who blow away all the chaff & by G— in their Eyes too if they dont stand clear, know that they have but one part worth looking at, and that is their Purse."

Before Bath, there is an innocence to Gainsborough's portraits that occasionally looks almost spectral: the early figures of *Heneage Lloyd and His Sister*, round-eyed adolescents in a rococo garden, look like large pale dolls haunting an artificial landscape. Confidence came with his absorption of the grand manner. With ac-

Exquisitely fresh images of an Arcadian vision: *Coast Scene with Fishermen Setting Out*

The knack of not threatening the client, either by critical insight or by expressive force.

cess to the big houses, the young painter could see the work of Rubens, Van Dyck and Claude. He rapidly learned to deal with the social mask. Those pink, smooth, patrician egg faces, the men a little knobbly of jaw and hooded of eyelid, with their "cold pleasant stares" (as Henry James would say of the English gentleman) are emblems of sensibility and composure, not of emotion. Now and again a very slight hint of irony seems to intrude, but one may be fairly sure that one's own 20th century ideas, not Gainsborough's 18th century intentions, place it there.

Certain paintings of Gainsborough's seem to condense a social essence, suggesting what one can only call a poetry of ownership. His marriage portrait of William and Elizabeth Hallett, 1785, usually known as *The Morning Walk*, is one of these: two peach-skinned 21-year-olds, dressed to the nines in their formal finery of velvet, taffeta, filmy silk and crisp ribbons, adored by the animal kingdom in the shape of a fluffy white dog (whose exuberant coat mimicks the finesse of his mistress's clothes), strolling in their idealized park. Its rhymes between nature and culture—particularly in the similarity between Gainsborough's handling of the wife's gauzes and of the foliage of the background trees—suggest an unforced series of transitions from the human to the vegetable realms: nature is as much the Halletts' accomplice as their tailor, dressmaker or gardener.

Few English artists offer as many of the paradoxes inherent in 18th century ideas of "nature" and "artifice" as Gainsborough. We know—as the 18th century audience knew much more intimately—that people did not look so sweet as they do in Gainsborough. No doubt they worried, and suffered from fear and loathing; their teeth hurt; they rarely washed, and stank like stoats in rut. Their judicial representatives hanged poachers, and sent penniless old women in chains to Botany Bay for stealing five pounds of cheese. But none of this was the business of painting, and Gainsborough's portraits have the same truth-by-artifice as opera—although, by comparison with his undeviating social equanimity, *The Marriage of Figaro* almost looks like a Marxist tract.

Sometimes portraiture bored him, and then Gainsborough turned to landscape, his main love. Almost from the start of his career he had turned out exquisitely fresh images of the countryside, showing Dutch influence (from 17th century artists like Ruisdael or Van Goyen) in their clear construction, but infused with a pale, precisely observed tonality that was wholly Gainsborough's own. One of the key early works, in this regard, was the *Landscape with Sand Pit* of 1746-47. "Landskip" was always Arcadian. "I'm sick of portraits," Gainsborough said, "and wish very much to take my viola da gamba and walk off to some sweet village where I can paint landskips and enjoy the fag end of life in quietness and ease."

Gainsborough's drawings reveal his close studies of nature, but from his mid-30s onward he came to rely more and more on conventionalized signs. The feathery, diaphanous trees, the undergrowth brown as a fiddle, the cunning mirror flashes of lake and stream are the standard components, fitted gracefully together. One is not surprised to learn that he used to design his landscapes from models on a table. "He would place cork or coal for his foregrounds," one of his friends remembered, "make middle grounds of sand and clay, bushes of mosses and lichens, and set up distant woods of broccoli."

In the same spirit, Gainsborough conventionalized his country genre scenes. Everything in them is designed to be seen from the landlord's eyeline. It would not have been agreeable to hang truthful accounts of English peasant life in the drawing room: too much dirt and rickets. Hence the popularity of Gainsborough's bonny rural babes, sturdy swains and homespun nymphs, as fictive as any pastoral by Pope (but without the irony that goes with Augustan classicism). Such creatures could never burn a rick or post a threatening scrawl on a gate. They were outside history, forever.

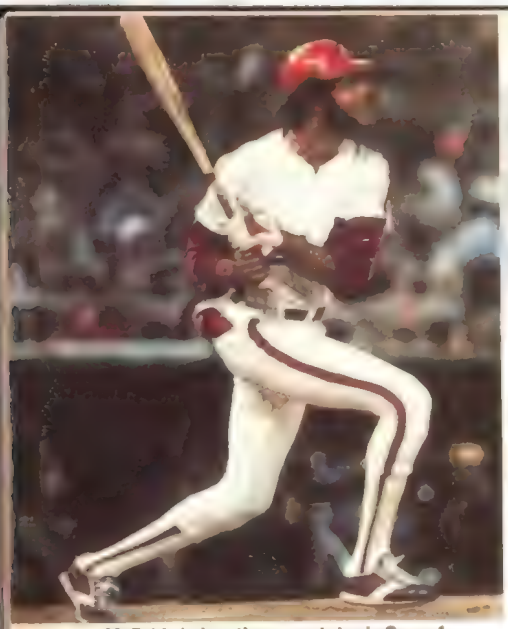
One reason why Gainsborough's formal portraits still look more convincing than his genre scenes may be that they, unlike the latter, correspond to how their subjects saw themselves: there is some mutual connection between the facts of aristocracy and Gainsborough's visual language, in its decorum and its peculiarly English sense of the "natural." Today, that world seems as remote as the moon. Nor does it seem a mere accident that Gainsborough should have died in 1788, the year before the French Revolution shook the Arcadia of property he had painted for four decades, and whose laureate he was.

—By Robert Hughes

Truth by artifice: ***Mary, Duchess of Richmond***

Landscape with Sand Pit: **Infused with a pale, precisely observed tonality all his own**

Sprightly, licentious conversation, a love of music and an eye for gentlefolk's purses.



McBride bakes three-run tater in Game 1

McGraw fires away (above); Aikens swings

Sport

Showdown for the Swooners

The Royals and the Phils ruin their reputations as fall guys

For the Philadelphia Phillies and the Kansas City Royals, the World Series has long been a mirage, an oasis of October glory shimmering just out of reach. Three times in the past four seasons, both teams won division titles, only to be turned out into the desert by their cross-league rivals in the pennant playoffs.

For three straight years Kansas City waged war with the New York Yankees, trading bone-jarring slides, brush-back pitches and dramatic home runs. The Royals-Yankees match quickly became one of baseball's fiercest showdowns, but it was always the New Yorkers who went to the World Series. The Phillies were even more conspicuous failures in the stretch. In 1964 they set an unenviable standard for September swoons, blowing a big lead by winning only four games in the season's final 2½ weeks. The last time the Phillies won a pennant, in 1950, they were wiped out by the Yankees in the World Series in four straight games. Never in their 98 years of baseball had they been world champions.

But this season, both teams just about ruined their reputations for failure. Kansas City bounded to a runaway lead (20 games on Sept. 1) in the American League West, then dispatched the hated Yankees in three straight games to become the first expansion team to win the American League title. Philadelphia, meanwhile, battled for survival under the twin burdens of an arduous pennant race in the National League East and the most blunt-spoken, dictatorial boss since George Patton.

Assured of a top front-office job when he leaves the dugout, Rookie Manager Dallas Green pointedly informed his players that they had better get fired up because he could not be fired. Green delivered a full-throated locker-room harangue in early August that blistered paint and pride behind the locked clubhouse door. A number of Phillies muttered mutinously, but they won games in September for a change, finally clinching the division title with one game left in the season. After five tortuous playoff games, four of them extra-inning struggles of exquisite suspense, the Phillies extinguished the Houston Astros' hopes for their first National League pennant.

Thus the two finalists came to the World Series—the first to be played entirely on artificial turf—in markedly different frames of mind. The Royals sailed in rested and relaxed, all hands happy and familiar with the rhythm of winning. The Phillies were weary but battlewise, mean-eyed survivors of a difficult voyage under a demanding captain.

Symbolic of their separate seasons were the opening-game pitchers. The Royals sent in 20-game winner Dennis Leonard, fresh from a victory in the opening game against the Yankees. The Phillies could muster just a single unexhausted arm after the catfight with Houston, Rookie Bob Walk, 23. When the Royals jumped off to a four-run lead, courtesy of two home runs, they seemed ready to roll. But Philadelphia, helped by a three-run homer from Bake McBride, answered with a five-run burst its next time at bat and took the first game 7-6. For

Brett before his time out for hemorrhoids

Walk, the first rookie to start a World Series opener since 1952, it was a little boy's fantasy come true: "This time last year I was pumping gas. Now I'm a World Series winner. It's the American dream. I'll take it."

The Phillies, who had last won a World Series game in 1915, when Babe Ruth was a pitcher and occasional pinch hitter for the victorious Boston Red Sox, suddenly started to change their opinions of Manager Green. First Baseman Pete Rose reflected on the change in a team he had once routinely cuffed as a Cincinnati Red: "They just never had any discipline around here, and he brought some. Dallas talks loud and he likes to chew people out. He's done a hell of a job, and he should be named manager of the year."

Green also brought to the Phillies the Earl Weaver philosophy of playing every

man on the roster. Philadelphia had traditionally played a stand-pat lineup, but Green used pinch hitters freely and was not loath to make late-inning defensive changes in his oversupply of high-priced stars.

His approach paid off in the second game. Utility Outfielder Del Unser, who was .316 as a pinch hitter during the regular season, drove in the first run of an eighth-inning rally that—together with Mike Schmidt's game-winning double—erased a 4-2 Kansas City lead. The Phillies won 6-4.

The Royals returned to Kansas City like long-suffering exiles. They had clinched the American League pennant in the enemy's ballpark and watched leads disappear in the first two World Series games before deafeningly partisan Philadelphia fans. Largely a home-grown lot nurtured in the Royals' farm system, they were glad to be back among friends. Said Catcher Darrell Porter: "We haven't heard a single cheer for anything we've done for a week. It will be good to get back to our park and our fans."

Hot-hitting Third Baseman George Brett (.390 for the season), who had undergone minor surgery for hemorrhoids on the off-day between games, started the homecoming with a towering first-inning home run. But the Phillies tied the game their next turn at bat. Twice again the Royals scratched out a one-run lead; twice again Philadelphia responded in kind. For only the 40th time in 453 World Series games, play went into extra innings. With a full house of noisy fans on their feet for the duration of the tenth inning, the Royals pushed across the winning run at last. With two men on base, Philadelphia Relief Pitcher Tug McGraw walked Brett, preferring to pitch to First Baseman Willie Aikens. Bad move. Aikens, who earlier had become the second player in history to hit two home runs in his first World Series game, mashed a line drive to the left-field wall. Explained Aikens: "I said to myself, 'Willie, you're tired and you're ready for this game to be over. Why don't you get a hit so you can go home?' And I did." Final score: 4-3.

Kansas City continued to thrive the following day, walloping Philadelphia's starting pitcher, Larry Christenson, for four runs in the first inning. Christenson faced five batters and gave up a single, a double, a triple and a home run—to Aikens—before heading for the showers. Aikens got another home run the following inning for good measure, and the Royals tied the Series at two games apiece with a 5-3 victory.

But it was a pitch from Philadelphia Reliever Dickie Noles in the fourth inning that truly ignited the Royals. Noles whistled a fastball past George Brett's chin. No sooner had Brett hit the dirt than Kansas City Manager Jim Frey hit the ceiling. After a long dialogue that was notable for its lack of Socratic high-mindedness, the umpires placed both pitchers on warning: any inside pitch would be considered a beanball and would result in ejection from the game. Hostilities ceased, but not the hostility. The fans and the Phillies' bench faced off after a cup was thrown at First Baseman Pete Rose. Brett, who had spent most of the brouhaha laughing in the on-deck circle, explained his reaction: "I was laughing because I was happy he didn't hit me, and besides, it was funny to see Jim Frey jumping around out there." Frey, however, was still not amused. Said he: "When a ball is fired at a guy's head, I call that throwing at the hitter. I've seen two or three guys nearly get killed with brush-back pitches and I don't believe in it."

So the World Series went on, no longer a friendly contest. Merely an exciting one. *—By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Peter Ainslie/Kansas City and Philadelphia*

Kansas City star dives to avoid Pitcher Noles' misdelivered Philadelphia bulletin

The hostilities ceased, but the hostility went into extra innings.

Theater

Highland Fling

BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe
Choreography by Agnes de Mille

Martin Vidnovic

Of the 27 shows now on Broadway, 16 are musicals. Such is the appetite of the U.S. public for this native American art form that revivals multiply like the biblical "begats."

Any musical out of the nostalgic past has its ardent fans, and *Brigadoon* addicts will doubtless be entranced by the show's reappearance at Broadway's Majestic Theater. This revival is handled with tender loving care—and professional spit and polish. *Brigadoon's* spindly, implausible book was a glaring weakness, even in 1947, but that scarcely matters to the true believers who embrace the show as a dewy fantasy.

And it is rather like a storybook fable. A mist-glazed 18th century Scottish village, unknown to any map, wakes from its protective sleep one day in each 100 years. Two 20th century Americans stumble on the town's inhabitants on just that fateful day. Susceptible Tommy (Martin Vidnovic) soon tangles heartstrings with a bewitching local lass, Fiona (Meg Bussert). This actress has a voice of Baccarat crystal. When she pairs with Vidnovic to sing *Almost Like Being in Love*, all heaven breaks loose.

The strength of *Brigadoon* lies in its songs and dances. Lerner and Loewe struck a rich melodic vein, and this full-throated cast mines every golden nugget. Agnes de Mille's dances summon up atavistic ceremonies that might have been carved in bas-relief on the walls of ancient temples. Two standouts: *Sword Dance*, done with steely balletic precision by John Curry of ice-skating fame, and the *Funeral Dance*, performed with melancholy fury by Marina Eglevsky to a dirge of bagpipes. The guiding intelligence behind every moment of every scene belongs to Vivian Matalon, who makes of the director's craft a magic potion.

Meg Bussert

By T.E. Kalem

The 110-Year-Old Murder

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD
by Charles Dickens; concluded by Leon Garfield; André Deutsch; 327 pages; £7.95

The End and the Beginning

"I must go to London immediately." Thus speaks Charles Dickens, 58, on the evening of June 8, 1870. They are his last words. He collapses on a sofa in his dining room and dies the following night. Upon hearing the news, a melancholy world grieves for itself: there will be no more rumbustious squires, no more hilarious cockneys, no more sneaking, slavering villains or appealing waifs, no more enchantments at all from the man who correctly dubbed his own work "inimitable." His last novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, its sentences as convoluted as London streets, its title ominously resonant of "dread" and "mood," lies half done: 23 chapters and some scattered notes. Like such unfinished masterpieces as Schubert's *Eighth Symphony*, Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*, *Drood* powerfully intrigues readers and writers. Publishers offer Dickens' friend Wilkie Collins, author of *The Moonstone*, the privilege of completing *Edwin Drood*; he declines, but later writes a similar story of duality and the changing tales of good and evil; he calls it *Miss or Mrs.?* Other attempts are made by lesser authors—and next to the Master what author is not diminished? In the '20s, a silent movie is produced, and in 1935, Claude Rains stars in a film that seems to have been made in gothic twilight.

A Curious Breakthrough

None of the attempts to solve the *Drood* mystery is an aesthetic or financial success. George Bernard Shaw offers a reason: the novel was "a gesture by a man already three-quarters dead." Novelist J.B. Priestley counters, "Three-quarters dead though he might be, he was feeling his way towards yet another sort of fiction." That fiction is the modern mystery story, with its careful plotting, its characters subordinate to story, and its yielding of surprises as the drama moves toward denouement. To that end,

Antony Maitland's version of the denouement

Dickens wrote the only one of his works that can be summarized (although in his case that is like reversing an oak into a nutshell): John Jasper, choirmaster, lusts after Rosa Bud, betrothed to his nephew Edwin Drood. When Drood disappears, a young rival for Rosa Bud, Neville Landless, is accused of murder. Because no body is found, Landless is released. Enter the ostentatiously mysterious Datchery, an old man with juvenile energy. Is he disguised? Is he a detective? Is he a woman? Is he Drood himself? Through the drama swirl the premonitory themes of drug addiction and Eastern religion, played out by a varied cast of supporting characters (and suspects): the cheerful clergyman Crisparkle; Mr. Grewgious, one of the very few likable lawyers in the Dickens canon; the admirable young naval officer, Lieutenant Tartar; the sulky clerk Bazzard; and the bullying philanthropist, Mr. Honeythunder. All are the products of a unique and fevered imagination; none can possibly be reproduced. Or can they?

A Resurrection of Style

In the year 1980, with a coincidence so uncanny that Charles Dickens might have written it, not one but two *Edwin Drood* continuations appear. *The Decoding of Edwin Drood* (Scribners; $10.95) is written by Charles Forsyte, the nom de plume for a husband-and-wife team of British mystery writers. The Forsyte book picks up where Dickens departed but omits the preceding chapters. The reader is left with only the latter half of the novel, composed without the tone or richness of its predecessor. The reader might well sigh with Kate Perugini, Dickens' daughter: "In my father's grave lies buried the secret of his story." And yet ... and yet ... the Londoner Leon Garfield, 59, hitherto a writer of juveniles, composes his own conclusion to *Edwin Drood*, including Antony Maitland's new illustrations, happily capturing the Master's locutions: "Curious, bland, yet deeply various gentleman ... he was very like

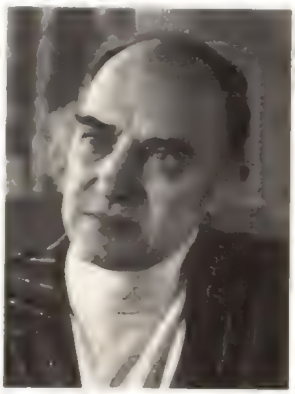
Charles Dickens, originator

Excerpt

"He brought the lantern lower, until its light fell ... It was a pit of quicklime; and, as the lantern descended closer, it could be seen that the gases had swollen within it and forced up a counterfeit image of what it had consumed.

There, upon the ground, lay the whitened image of a youth. His white eyes were starting from their crumbly sockets; his white mouth was gaping and within it, his teeth (still unconsumed), gleamed like beads. But worst of all, round his white neck was the knot of the white scarf (once black) with which he had been strangled! The burning quicklime, like the burning mind above it, had thrust up the knowledge of the crime! ...

Everything had happened! EVERYTHING!"



Leon Garfield, continuer

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a convert to a new faith, who walks in the ways of the Lord with such assiduity as to obliterate His footsteps entirely."

A DIVIDED MIND AND MAN

The Garfield version, to be published in the U.S. by Pantheon Books in 1981, is sympathetic to the circumstances that fathered *Drood:* Dickens was consumed by his liaison with the 20-year-old actress Ellen Lawless Ternan. "The affair overshadows the book," Garfield believes. "Jasper represents Dickens himself. At times the affair with a girl so much younger must have appalled Dickens, who had conventional moral views."

It would be unsporting to give the game away; suffice it to note that the continuer does not hold with G.K. Chesterton's theory that "if Drood is dead, then there is not much mystery about him." As to Jasper, he is indeed made a version of his guilt-racked creator, a man, notes Garfield, "who was beginning to have a far greater interest in the criminal, and the divided mind." Doubtless this divided book will not have done with the Droodists—or with subsequent versions. It is merely the best to date: arbitrary, full of guesswork and lively writing, and ample evidence that whether Edwin Drood is dead or not, Charles Dickens is alive. —*By Stefan Kanfer*

The Singers

NAMING NAMES
by Victor S. Navasky;
Viking; 482 pages; $15.95

One August day in 1955 Pete Seeger was brought before a House Un-American Activities subcommittee. He was asked, according to the custom of the day, to recite the names of every Communist he knew. The folk singer politely declined, but with a fine sense of the symbolic, offered to stage a little recital for the committee chairman, Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania: "I know many beautiful songs from your home county."

To sing. To play the canary. To be a stool pigeon. The blackest humor jeers behind the slang for acting as informer —naming names. To say the word "informer" is to evoke the history of betrayal, to hear the ring of 30 pieces of silver. Yet for a brief period in the late '40s and '50s the community's moral leper was promoted to something of a cultural hero. That elevation was not so odd as it first appeared. Soviet espionage, after all, was no fiction: wartime thieves of atomic secrets had been tried and convicted in federal courts. Nor was the Gulag a fantasy; as early as the '30s Stalin's murderous intent had been revealed. The "Red Menace" has been revised downward many times, but a generation ago there were many nonhysterical, unxenophobic Americans who found Communist rhetoric and performance to be morally squalid, and who deserved better than the work of self-aggrandizing Congressmen and sycophantic "cooperative witnesses."

Larry Parks testifying before HUAC in 1951
A choice between contempt and crawling.

Three decades later, sifting through the ruins in a study he describes as "less a history than a moral detective story," Victor S. Navasky begins with a question for the informers and their ghosts: At what price—not only to their victims and themselves but to the country as a whole —did these singers sing?

Navasky, 48, editor of the weekly magazine *Nation,* begins by assuming that the informer was not vital to the containment of the American Communist Party. The party, he points out, numbered only 31,608 members in 1950, including undercover FBI agents. Even if witnesses were required, they were not to be found in show business—unless headlines were worth more than truth. Actor Larry Parks, a onetime Communist, exposed the machinery of informing when he begged Hollywood investigators: "Don't present me with the choice of either being in contempt of this committee and going to jail or forcing me to really crawl through the mud to be an informer. For what purpose?" The purpose, Navasky judges, was "punitive," the staging of a "degradation ceremony" as an end in itself. A witness could clear his name only by naming others—singing for his supper.

There are theater-of-the-absurd interludes to the chronicle. The screenwriter Martin Berkeley, in a burst of informer's promiscuity, names 161 names. Judy Holliday, the incomparable impersonator of Hollywood dumb blonds, hires a researcher to check out her own political past. Zero Mostel shakes a grisly cap-and-bell to boast: "I am a man of a thousand faces, all of them blacklisted."

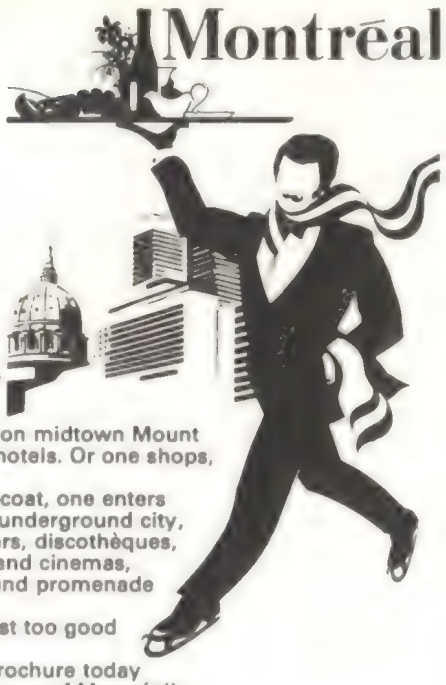
But mostly the pages groan with the sound of trust cracking—for instance, the break in the friendship of Arthur Miller and Elia Kazan. Uncooperative Witness Miller went on to write his morality play about Salem witches, *The Crucible,* honoring resisters. Cooperative Witness Kazan directed *On the Waterfront,* arguing through the powerful performance of Marlon Brando that it takes guts to testify against malefactors. There is a horrifying glimpse of the playwright Clifford Odets, who named his Group Theater friend J. Edward Bromberg, then delivered a tearful eulogy after Bromberg died, blacklisted, broke and heartsick.

Something like what happened to these private lives happened to the public life of America, Navasky maintains. HUAC acted consistently: the committee was "an 'honest' Red hunter." It was the rest of the community that was out of character—especially the liberals who kept their skirts clean by attacking other liberals "with more venom than they had ever directed at any economic royalist."

Navasky is well aware that the Communist Party, with "its clandestine style, its overresponsiveness to Soviet policy and the consequent abrupt flip-flops in its party line ... was a contributor to its own problems." But, he argues, the U.S. was overresponsive to the Communist threat. In the end, the decline of the U.S. Foreign Service, the nuclear arms race and the Viet Nam War all bore a cause-and-effect relationship to the fall from innocence that began by naming names.

Navasky's findings are the material of continuing debate, but his achievement is unarguable. With *Naming Names,* the au-

Victor Navasky
Illuminating the boundaries of power.



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Books

thor of *Kennedy Justice* establishes himself as that rare historian who can, like a novelist, illuminate the boundaries where power and conscience meet. That illumination comes from a white heat, an unwillingness to endorse the conclusion of the blacklisted scenarist Dalton Trumbo: "It will do no good to search for villains or heroes . . . there were only victims." Navasky comes closer to the aphorism of Trumbo's bitter colleague, Albert Maltz: "To understand all is not to forgive all." But a third blacklistee offers a sounder conclusion, and perhaps a method of keeping distinctions sharp while permitting life to go on. Speaking of the informer as individual and as genus, the director Abraham Lincoln Polonsky observed "He only did a bad thing. He did not destroy the universe." —***By Melvin Maddocks***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Crackers, *Roy Blount Jr.* Italian Folktales, *selected and retold by Italo Calvino* • Joshua Then and Now, *Mordecai Richler* • Loon Lake, *E.L. Doctorow* • The Middle Ground, *Margaret Drabble* • The Second Coming, *Walker Percy* • The Stories of Ray Bradbury, *Ray Bradbury*

NONFICTION: Abroad, *Paul Fussell* American Dreams: Lost and Found, *Studs Terkel* • China Men, *Maxine Hong Kingston* Lyndon, *Merle Miller* • The Letters of Evelyn Waugh, *edited by Mark Amory* • Vladimir Nabokov Lectures on Literature, *edited by Fredson Bowers* • Walter Lippmann and the American Century, *Ronald Steel*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Firestarter, *King (1 last week)*
2. The Key to Rebecca, *Follett (2)*
3. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (3)*
4. Side Effects, *Allen*
5. The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre (4)*
6. The Tenth Commandment, *Sanders (5)*
7. Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman (6)*
8. Shōgun, *Clavell (7)*
9. Athabasca, *MacLean*
10. The Hidden Target, *MacInnes (8)*

NONFICTION

1. Crisis Investing, *Casey (1)*
2. The Sky's the Limit, *Dyer (2)*
3. Nothing Down, *Allen (7)*
4. A View from a Broad, *Midler*
5. Shelley, *Winters (4)*
6. Reconciliations, *Rubin (9)*
7. Merv, *Griffin with Barsocchini (6)*
8. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (3)*
9. Goodbye, Darkness, *Manchester*
10. Number 1, *Martin & Golenbock (5)*

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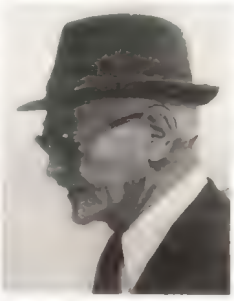
Good Citizens?

A drive on war-crime suspects

Ukrainian-born Feodor Fedorenko, 73, has spent most of his 31 years in the U.S. as a Connecticut foundry worker. He has paid taxes and minded his own business, and in 1970 he became a citizen. Then, in 1978, he found himself in a courtroom in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., listening to a string of witnesses swear that during World War II he had whipped and shot Jews at the Treblinka extermination camp in Poland. The former guard was not on trial for war crimes, but for concealing his Treblinka experience when applying for citizenship. If the Government won, he probably would end up on a plane back to Europe.



Feodor Fedorenko

Last week Fedorenko's case was before the Supreme Court, and the outcome will determine much more than where an aging widower lives out his final years. The law says that citizenship can be revoked if the immigrant concealed a "material fact" when he applied for it. This provision has become the linchpin of the Justice Department's three-year effort to deport suspected war criminals believed to be in this country.

The Government maintains that a fact is material if its revelation would have triggered an inquiry that "might" have turned up facts barring citizenship—participation in atrocities, for example. That is not enough, insists Fedorenko's lawyer, Brian Gildea of New Haven, Conn. The Government has to show that such an investigation definitely "would" have led to the discovery of damning facts. Says Allan Ryan, head of the Justice Department's special unit for tracking down former war criminals: "That's no different from saying we have to prove the atrocities from scratch right in the courtroom." At least the Justice Department is not stymied by defendants' hiding behind a statute of limitations; there is no such protection in these cases.

Even if the Government wins its argument in the Supreme Court, the passage of time has created formidable obstacles. Simply showing that an immigrant was, say, a camp guard and that he later concealed that fact means locating survivors of the camp and hoping they can identify that person after 35 or 40 years have passed. The Justice Department had to go to Israel to find the six witnesses against Fedorenko, and the Philadelphia trial of another suspected war criminal is taking place in part because department lawyers located and video-taped nine Soviet witnesses in the Ukraine.

It is also possible that some defendants will die before they are brought to justice. The one in Philadelphia, Wolodymir Osidach, a former Ukrainian military police official, has heart trouble, and the Government made sure that a doctor and nurse were on hand when he took the stand. Says Ryan: "We're racing against the clock."

Why did the Government wait so long to get started? For years the issue did not seem to have enough political urgency to win out in bureaucratic competitions for money and staff. Then, in 1974, New York Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman took the lead in pressuring the Justice Department to crack down. Today the department's unit has a staff of 50 with an annual budget of $2.3 million. The new importance attached to the effort was underscored last week when Benjamin Civiletti —making his first appearance before the Supreme Court since becoming Attorney General—argued the Government's case against Fedorenko.

A favorable ruling would still leave the Justice Department short of its ultimate goal: seeing its targets tried somewhere for war crimes. For example, if Fedorenko loses, he will then go through deportation proceedings, which a skillful defense lawyer could stretch out for years. Should he finally be shipped out, Fedorenko could select any destination that is not "prejudicial to the interests of the United States," yet another ambiguous test. "It would be a waste of all this effort," says Ryan, "to watch them go to another country and live peacefully."

Benjamin Civiletti at the Supreme Court

Behind well-trimmed lawns, dubious pasts.

Like Fedorenko, many of the suspects have been model citizens since arriving here. "When we prosecute them," Ryan remarks, "their neighbors say, 'What? My kids play with his kids. It couldn't be true.'" Neither he nor his predecessor, former Nuremberg Prosecutor Walter Rockler, buys the arguments that these people have suffered enough or have compensated for their pasts with years of clean living. Says Rockler: "These people are murderers. World War II wasn't fought to let them into the U.S. I don't care if they do keep their lawns well trimmed." ■

Press Privacy

A new law protects newsrooms

After injuries to police officers during a 1971 demonstration at Stanford University, police armed only with a warrant walked into the offices of the *Stanford Daily* and began a search. Their objective: unpublished photographs that they hoped would help them identify the assailants. The student newspaper sued local officials over the intrusion and took its fight all the way to the Supreme Court, where it lost in 1978. While rejecting the students' pleas, the court suggested that Congress could spare other publications similar encroachments by enacting a statute limiting unannounced searches. Congress did just that, and last week President Carter signed the bill into law.

In the future, any law enforcement official seeking materials from a publication must issue a subpoena specifying the items sought. If the request seems unreasonable to the subpoenaed party, it may go to court to challenge the move. These safeguards, however, do not exist in certain situations outlined in the new law. For example, if a reporter is actually a suspect, then police may arrive unannounced.

As the proposal journeyed through Congress, the main dispute was whether it would protect innocent third parties other than the press. The statute does apply to authors and scholars, but after protest from the Justice Department, congressional backers agreed to exclude all others, including lawyers and psychiatrists. Instead, the statute directs the Attorney General to give federal law enforcement officials guidelines that will guarantee such persons some measure of privacy.

Since the Stanford incident, 18 newsroom searches are known to have been made across the country, causing journalists to fear that confidential sources would shy away from talking with them. The new law not only should ease that concern but also marks the press's second major legal victory this year. In July the Supreme Court ruled that criminal trials could not be closed to reporters. ■

Tempest in a *Cappuccino* Cup?

A papal comment on "adultery" between spouses raises a ruckus

You have heard that it was said, "You shall not commit adultery." But I say to you that every one who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart.
—Matthew 5: 27-28

When Baptist Jimmy Carter admitted to *Playboy* magazine that he had violated Christ's commandment against lust in the heart a time or two, it produced one of the sillier sideshows of the 1976 presidential campaign. Now John Paul II, in a public comment that drew on the very same New Testament text, has stirred an equally unholy row.

It started at the Pope's regular weekly audience in St. Peter's Square. In his sermon to a crowd of about 10,000, John Paul stated that if a man looked lustfully even "at the woman who is his wife, he could likewise commit adultery 'in his heart.'"

Mental adultery with one's own wife? The remark caused no visible reaction among his listeners. But the apparently paradoxical idea of married adultery roused the Italian press and public considerably. Soon the "lust" affair all but overshadowed news from the international Synod of Bishops at the Vatican, which, by coincidence, this month was discussing family and marital problems.

Fumed Vittorio Gorresio, a respected columnist for the Turin daily *La Stampa:* "Along comes Pope John Paul and tells us that we cannot even desire our own wives." To Gorresio, "Wojtyla" was "attempting to deny the claims of sex even within marriage." In Milan's usually staid *Corriere della Sera*, Giorgio Manganelli sought to have the lust laugh. Life is so hard for the adulterer, he wrote sarcastically: an endless round of cover-ups, tricks, juggling of the daily calendar, and the need to buy "useless and expensive presents" for two women at once. Now the Pope has removed all these woes because "you can have infidelity in your own house." Meanwhile, Italian feminists, ever ready to assail the Vatican, accused John Paul of male chauvinism because he spoke only of men lusting after women and not the reverse.

John Paul praying in St. Peter's Square
Unpontifical on matters of the flesh.

In one sense the whole episode was a tempest in a *cappuccino* cup stirred by an example taken out of context. But the fuss reflected secular fears that the Pope might be returning to a view once held by many Catholic theologians that sexual pleasure even in marriage is deeply suspect. That is far from the case. In sermons and writings John Paul has dealt extensively with marriage, and often places a remarkably unpontifical emphasis on matters of the flesh. The book of *Genesis*, the Pontiff once declared, shows "the pure value of the body and of sex" in God's eyes.

John Paul has been talking about sex at most of his Wednesday audiences for more than a year. The troublesome phrase, in fact, was part of a discourse about the dignity of women and the need to distinguish, even in marriage, between sexual love and mere lust that makes sex objects of men and women alike.

In context, the Pope's ill-fated discourse only repeated a point of Christian teaching that has lately become a routine feminist complaint: a husband has no right to approach his wife simply to "use" her and make her "the object of the satisfaction of his own sexual 'need.'"

John Paul's mistake was his figurative application of the term adultery to such improper motives. Yet the Pontiff could have stayed out of trouble just by obeying his own words. Last April 16 he told an audience in Rome that it is impossible to speak of adultery between husband and wife. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Henry Ford II, 63, retired Ford Motor Co. chairman; and **Kathleen DuRoss,** 40, ex-model and Detroit disco owner; he for the third time, she for the second; in Carson City, Nev. Earlier this year he divorced his second wife, Cristina Ford, giving her a reported $15 million settlement.

DIED. Richard Carlton Meeker Jr., 24, son of Actress **Mary Tyler Moore** by her first husband, a Sacramento TV executive; of a self-inflicted shotgun wound; in Los Angeles (*see* NATION).

DIED. William (Billie) **Thomas,** 49, former child actor known for his escapades as the mischievous Buckwheat in 93 Our Gang film shorts made between 1934 and 1944; of unknown causes; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Ladislas Farago, 74, Hungarian-born author of books on espionage and war (*The Game of the Foxes, The Broken Seal*) who claimed in 1972 that Hitler's ruthless deputy Martin Bormann was alive and posing as a businessman in Argentina; after a brief illness; in New York City.

DIED. William Thornton ("Pete") **Martin,** 79, former editor and staff writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, best known for his popular *I Call On* . . . interviews with Hollywood celebrities; of a heart attack; in Birchrunville, Pa.

DIED. Luigi Longo, 80, secretary general of the Italian Communist Party from 1964 to 1972 and a leader of the hard-line, Moscow-trained faction of Italian Communism; of a heart attack; near Rome. The son of peasants, Longo won a Bronze Star from the U.S. for his activities with the Italian underground during World War II.

DIED. Rose Valland, 81, art curator who was awarded France's *Médaille de la Résistance* for foiling Nazi plans to plunder European art during World War II. Valland recorded the destinations of thousands of appropriated paintings and sculptures, thus facilitating later recovery. She also managed to delay a whole trainload of art from leaving the Jeu de Paume in Paris until the city was liberated by Allied troops.

DIED. Mary O'Hara Alsop, 95, author of the 1941 novel *My Friend Flicka*, a poignant tale of a friendship between a boy and his horse that became a movie and a television series; of arteriosclerosis; in Chevy Chase, Md. A descendant of William Penn, Alsop published books under the pen name Mary O'Hara, including several that evoked the sweep and grandeur of America's Rocky Mountain states (*Thunderhead, Green Grass of Wyoming*), a region she came to love while living on a Wyoming ranch with her second husband, Helge Sture-Vasa.

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Doing Away with Sex Stereotypes

More Dad, less Mom, urges a guide to raising liberated children

For ten years, the question that has dogged the women's movement has been "But who will raise the children?" The answer from feminists: *both* parents. More Dad and less Mom, they say, would result in greater equality, not only for parents but also for the next generation. This is fine in theory, but the actual how-to-do-it has remained a puzzle. Now the first real guide to nonsexist child raising has appeared: Letty Cottin Pogrebin's innovative and exhaustive *Growing Up Free: Raising Your Child in the 80's* (McGraw-Hill; $15.95). Even the eminent Dr. Benjamin Spock, who invented modern parenting, describes the book as "essential" for rearing liberated children.

For Pogrebin, a feminist writer and a founding editor of *Ms.* magazine, the parental example of an egalitarian marriage is a step toward doing away with sex stereotypes, which "bang people together with a cultural sledgehammer." What is an egalitarian marriage? One in which, for starters, both spouses can correctly answer the following questions:

Where is the grapefruit knife?
When is Grandma's birthday?
Which child hates broccoli?
Did we pay the mortgage this month?
Who are our children's best friends?
Where is the screwdriver?

Growing Up Free reassures both kinds of parents, the old-fashioned ones who worry that a son who plays with dolls will be a sissy, and the new-fashioned ones who worry that a son who doesn't play with dolls will never be a caring, involved father. Nonsexist, writes Pogrebin, is not the same as unisex or sexless. It is a way of freeing individualism, of "opening all possibilities to children so they are not predestined by gender."

What is the difference between gender identity and sex-role identity? Can a child's sexuality be affected by whether or not Father does the dishes or Mother drives a truck? "Unwittingly, the feuding experts and conflicting experiments testify to the truth: we will never have a Sears catalogue of sex differences because human beings are too diverse for labels and measurements," writes Pogrebin. "For every trait studied, the differences within each sex are greater than the average differences between the two sexes."

How, then, to help each child become not as "masculine" or as "feminine" as possible, but to "become the fullest possible person"? Some of Pogrebin's practical suggestions:

Even before a baby comes, start checking for bias. "Describe a day in the life of your child at age five, age twenty-five. Does gender affect your imaginings?" Later, beware of furniture that talks. Television's lesson that Mother is to blame for the ring around Father's collar may overwhelm the example of a real-life father's dutiful diaper changing. To find out how your children perceive you, ask them to role-play being you. Watching your children act out "the living room is a mess and company is coming—what happens?" can provide hours of family fun.

"Use the status quo the way the oyster uses sand, as the irritant that produces pearls of wisdom," suggests Pogrebin. Ask your children how a play might have been different if the leading character had been of the opposite sex. Ask why some school recreation programs still offer dancing only to girls and camping only to boys. Or why some PTAs still schedule meetings at hours when working parents cannot attend.

Pogrebin, 41, has done her homework: eight years of research and writing, 16 of marriage and 15 of child rearing went into the book. She says of herself and her husband Bert, 46, a labor lawyer: "For the first few years I'm sure we raised Abigail and Robin, our twins [girls, now 15] the regular way, surrounded by dolls and carriages." In 1970 Pogrebin, a Brandeis graduate at 19 who had risen to vice president of the publishing firm of Bernard Geis Associates, wrote a book called *How to Make It in a Man's World*. Preparing for a publicity tour, she and Bert read the radical feminists—whom she then perceived as "the opposition." "We both argued ourselves into feminism," she recalls. "I would say, 'They say a woman has a right to keep her job if she is pregnant.' Bert would say, 'That's absurd.' And then we would both realize that *I* was working and pregnant."

SUSAN LOMBARDO

Author Pogrebin at home with Husband Bert and their children

Opening possibilities, avoiding a cultural sledgehammer.

In 1971 she began writing a working-woman column for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, helped start the National Women's Political Caucus and worked on the launching of *Ms.* Assigned by the magazine to do an article on nonsexist child raising, she noticed herself giving a basketball to her infant son instead of the athletic girls, and heard David, now an enlightened twelve, announce: "When Daddy isn't home I'm in charge because then I'm the man of the house."

"Surely," she writes, "I was an inauthentic social reformer if I hadn't even managed to set things right in my own life with my own children." She began attending seminars and teacher-training courses and observing children; she served as a member of a commission charged with eliminating sex bias from the New York City schools; and along the way she worked with Marlo Thomas on the TV special and accompanying LP *Free to Be . . . You and Me*.

Today the Pogrebin family is the best advertisement for *Growing Up Free*. Letty and Bert, sitting around the dinner table in their turn-of-the-century, oak-paneled apartment on Manhattan's West Side, look slightly abashed when they talk about their successfully egalitarian marriage. "Things have turned out very well," says Bert, who credits luck and economic good fortune, as well as Letty's "overactive metabolism." Says he: "She never accepted efficiency as a means of allocating responsibility. I could never say she should do the dishes because she did them better." Replies Letty: "But he never thought he was entitled to special privileges because he was a man." Needless to say, both score very high on questions about grapefruit knives and mortgage payments.

—*By Jane O'Reilly*

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